

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 14, 1971

White House Wedding

TIME



Polaroid®



Business will be better any minute.

We'd like to recommend a business tool that will make every minute count. Our new Model 450.

It will report instantly on anything you need a report on. And do it almost by itself.

This camera is the most sophisticated Polaroid Land camera we make.

Among other things, it has Focused Flash. Designed to do away with flash goof-ups forever. (No bleached-out close-ups, no dark long shots.)

As you focus the camera, the camera focuses the flash of GE's new Hi-Power Cube. Only the correct light hits your subject. Automatically.

With the 450, you can check out an accident claim, locate a new plant site, or record a display you've set

up. (And mail your report right away.)

You can pinpoint the toughest steps in a trainee course. Or use on-the-spot pictures to sell a boat, a house, a car or whatever.

The 450 also has an electric eye and electronic shutter that make automatic exposures without flash. An electronic timer that calls you when your picture's ready. ("Beep".) And a Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder that automatically frames the picture.

And with optional attachments you get sharp close-ups to 9 inches.

The race goes to the swiftest.

The 450 will get you in ahead of your competitors. **Polaroid's 450**

Another leaf from our 125-year history

He had the nerve to ask us for millions with only ashes for collateral

October, 1871. The aftermath of the Chicago Fire.

Five square miles of ruins were still smoldering. 90,000 homeless were still huddled along the lakefront.

Yet one of the fire's heaviest losers, Potter Palmer, looked into the smoking rubble and imagined a new metropolis rising. More vigorous, more beautiful, on a vaster scale than ever before. On the spot he appointed himself a committee of one to make it happen.

But how much mortgage money could he raise on a heap of ashes? Where could he peddle a vision?

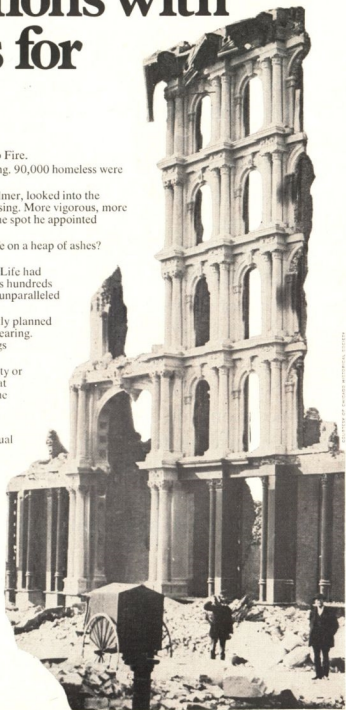
Luckily, he'd heard that Connecticut Mutual Life had loaned two of its Hartford fire insurance neighbors hundreds of thousands of dollars to help them through this unparalleled financial disaster.

So Palmer brought his bold dream—confidently planned and sketched out—to CML. Here he got a warm hearing. And cold cash. Enough to put up modern buildings throughout blocks of the downtown area.

Next time you visit the spectacular Second City or hear the song *Chicago* ("On State Street, that great street..."), remember who helped put it there. The indomitable Mr. Palmer. And CML.

Today, with the same faith, Connecticut Mutual Life is still investing in America. We're healthy contributors to the fund of two billion dollars put together by our industry for socially critical improvements the country needs now. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader, also, in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unflinching for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.

Connecticut
MUTUAL
the Blue Chip company



CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 1971, OUR 125th YEAR

There are some very good reasons for going to Europe this summer instead of next.

The best one is you're getting older.

So if you want to go to Europe this summer and you put it off, then another summer will have slipped by without your doing what you want to do.

Which may be all right if you're 22. But it's no way to live your life when you're 40 or 45 or 50. Because by then it's starting to become a habit.

Another good reason for going this summer instead of next is that next summer Europe will be more crowded than ever before.

First of all, with the economy picking up, the people who aren't going this year will probably go next year. And second, the Olympics will be held there next summer.

So you might find it a little difficult to get the kind of hotel accommodations you'd expect. You might find yourself spending a lot of time waiting to do things. Like eating. You may also find that the Olympics can cause prices to go up a little.

The third good reason for going to Europe this summer instead of next is you might end up putting off going next summer too.

And there are some very good reasons for going with us instead of someone else.

One. We fly to more European cities than the next three airlines combined.

Two. We return from more European cities than the next three airlines combined.

Three. We have more 747s to Europe than any other airline, so we'll have seats available throughout the summer. And you can get one even if you book late.

All of which means that with Pan Am® you can go when you want to go and where you want to go. And return with the same convenience.

And since we've been caring for transatlantic passengers longer than most airlines have existed, you'll find we've become pretty good at it. You'll enjoy meals native to many of the countries you're flying to. You'll have a choice of movies. A first-run movie. Or a classic. You'll be able to listen to music and entertainment on 8 channels. With a set of comfortable earphones for a change. (All for the standard charge of \$2.50.)

But most important, you'll be flying on the airline that opened more of the world to air travel than all other airlines combined.

See your Pan Am travel agent. Between the two of you, you'll work out a terrific summer.

PanAm

The world's most experienced airline.



In November, 1895, William Grant's son-in-law made 187 calls without selling a bottle of Scotch.

Young Charlie found it was uphill work trying to sell a new brand to the dubious pubkeepers and shopowners of the Highlands. Even though Grant's was a great whisky, he had to tramp the highways and byways of Scotland before he made his first sale. But he persevered and finally made it on his 188th try. From then on, sales soared.

Today, Grant's 8 Scotch is famous for its eight years of careful ageing that assures the same smooth, light, balanced flavor first created by our founder

Major William Grant in 1887.

The secret of Grant's success is more than just the special blend of fine grain and Highland malt whiskies. The secret is the Grants themselves and the continuing perseverance of four generations to making Scotch with the kind of personal care that's unique to a family-owned, family-operated business.

That's the secret of Grant's 8 Scotch and you share it every time you open the bottle.



Grant's® 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, ©1971 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers, Bottled in Scotland



Laugh all the way home from the bank with **FREE** checking account service at La Salle

FREE checking account service adds up to \$24 worth of laughs every year. That's what you save in service charges.

Just maintain a balance of at least \$200 in your checking account, or \$500 in savings at La Salle.

You can write as many checks as you want. Even if your checking account balance dips below \$200,

there's no service charge, provided you have at least \$500 in a La Salle savings account.

So do the admirable thing. Visit La Salle soon. Laugh all the way. And sign up for free checking service. After all, banking at La Salle reflects your good judgment in money matters.

And money *does* matter.

LaSalle ...*the bank on the move*



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LETTERS

Graduates and Jobs

Sir: Your graduate [May 24] has the bewildered look typical of the class of '71. He thinks he can't find a job because the big bad Establishment won't let him. The truth is, he has nothing to offer. He has occupied space—educated he is not!

He has busied himself with "relevant" courses like group interaction, and meaningful activities such as sit-ins. He cannot write a correct English sentence, has no idea how capitalism really works, but having bought the myth fostered by the media that his is the "best-educated generation" this country has produced, he expects a good job from the system he has learned to denigrate.

E.V. MANTHEY
Rocky River, Ohio

Sir: If society demands that the student pay dearly for his education, it should in turn compensate him with a well-paying job. Failing this, education should be provided free so that all may enjoy its fruits.

CHELLIS AUSTIN
Encinitas, Calif.

Sir: I worked part-time as a bank teller while attending college, received my B.A.—and am now a full-time teller.

Where, oh where, is that bright, rewarding future my friends, instructors and family told me I would find after graduating from college?

T.B. STRODE JR.
Vienna, Va.

Sir: Perhaps you could have given more encouragement to our discouraged B.A.s in the humanities. When Sputnik and its aftermath rate a footnote in the history of ideas, when plastics have been superseded, Sophocles and *The Education of Henry Adams* will still have a message. To fight pollution is not the solution. More than 2,000 years ago, Terence in one of his comic plays said: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." Tell our humanities majors to take heart; they will be needed. Their chances may be better than you reported them.

JULIAN G. PLANTE
Collegeville, Minn.

Sir: Remember the college graduate of 1968, standing there on commencement day with diploma in one hand and a draft notice in the other? We did not have the chance to find out if the job offers were few or many. I would prefer the plight of the graduate of '71.

GARY W. VAUGHT
Altus A.F.B.
Altus, Okla.

Sir: The point of a good college education is not to equip the individual to make a financial killing or even get a job in his field immediately upon graduation, but to give him experience through knowledge of the arts, sciences, literature, history and philosophy; this develops a well-rounded man.

If students are going to college today merely to get a job, why not Katie Gibbs

for the ladies and a good plumbing course for the gentlemen? There is money and a need in both categories.

(MRS.) PHYLLIS FERN
Warwick, R.I.

Sir: I can think of few trends so likely to pump new vitality into the U.S. economy as having Ivy League graduates replaced on Wall Street by students from Fordham and Wichita State. The Yale and Harvard boys have been mufing the job lately in the same manner that Oxford and Cambridge killed off the British Empire. Perhaps the elite graduates can become gentlemen of leisure, albeit somewhat dirtier than their decadent predecessors.

ABBOTT FAY
Calcutta

Down Under v. Up Over

Sir: Your article on Australia [May 24] was hollow, which is in itself a pretty fair comment on the Aussie way of life. You make no mention of the quiet desperation eating out the heart of our affluent suburbia. No mention of the vast cultural emptiness, the infernal newness, the isolation! I could scream with frustration. Sure, full employment, a house, two cars and a boat. Then what?

Down under may be the place to make money, but up over is the place to spend it!

PATRICIA M. JONES
Melbourne, Australia

Sir: TIME perpetuates the myth of utopia down under. New settlers work their guts out trying to accumulate wealth in

A&C Sabers. The young ones.

The Comfort-Shirt from Sears. It assures your right to assemble, comfortably.



One of the reasons why The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears is comfortable enough to meet in is the same reason it's durable enough to meet in, meeting after meeting. The fabric, Fortrel® polyester and cotton.

You see, Sears wanted a fabric that would still look like a million after a lot of washing and tumble drying and wearing—with no ironing in between.

Then they discovered that before a shirt fabric

style can wear the Celanese® Fortrel label, it's put through 32 different tests. Performance tests. Construction tests. And content requirement tests.

That was good enough for Sears. Good enough for The-Comfort-Shirt. And good enough for men who want the shirt that's so comfortable, they can forget they've got it on.

The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Sears

The Men's Store

CELANESE FORTREL

Fortrel® is a registered trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.



**Three collarful
ways to make sure
every dad has his day,
and then some.**

The-Comfort-Shirt^{T.M.} from Sears.

Poor dad. Even pickles have a week. Dad has always been left with a day. But not any more. Sears has come up with a shirt that not only adds days to a Father's Day, it adds comfort.

The shirt is The-Comfort-Shirt. And the comfortable part, mostly, is the exclusive C-Band® collar. Sears has had the collar contoured to fit, not fight, the natural contour of a man's neck. So it just naturally fits right and feels comfortable.

Aside from being contoured, Sears C-Band collar is being made in three just right styles, each cut lower in front so it won't creep up, and cut higher in back so more of it shows. From left to right, that's the long-point collar —the one that comes with removable,

flexible collar stays, the high spread and the spread.

Know something else about The-Comfort-Shirt that's comfortable? The Perma-Prest® fabric. A blend of Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Just enough of each so it's as comfortable in December as it is in June.

Obviously, Sears being Sears, they've had The-Comfort-Shirt made in a huge selection of striped and solid colors, all with color matched buttons and extra long shirttails. They've even had the long-point and spread collared styles made with short sleeves for men who figure that's the most comfortable way to go.

And, of course, Sears has priced The-Comfort-Shirt so you can buy dad a few, and still not get yourself in a pickle.



SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER



Sears *The Men's Store*

**As a
Father's Day gift,
The-Comfort-Shirt
can make a
mother's day, too.**

The-Comfort-Shirt is not
a "no-iron" dress shirt.

The-Comfort-Shirt is a
Perma-Prest® dress shirt.

There's a difference.

What Sears does that's
different is have the

Fortrel polyester and
cotton shirt fabric

heat treated and

permanently pressed
after it's made into
a shirt.

That's exactly the opposite
of the way most "no-iron"
dress shirts are made. But

it also happens to be why
after The-Comfort-Shirt is

machine washed and
tumble dried, that's it.

There's hardly a wrinkle
so there isn't any ironing.

Ask any mother. That can
make her day.

Now you can make a
Father's Day. Give him

The-Comfort-Shirt from
Sears. Give him a few.

They're available right
now, along with gotegether

ties, at most Sears,

Roebuck and Co. stores,
and through the Catalog.



*Sears puts
it all together*

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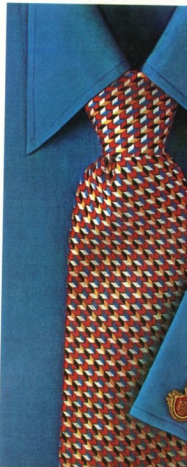
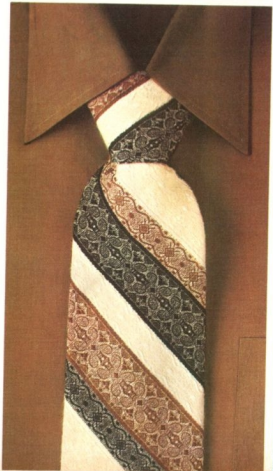
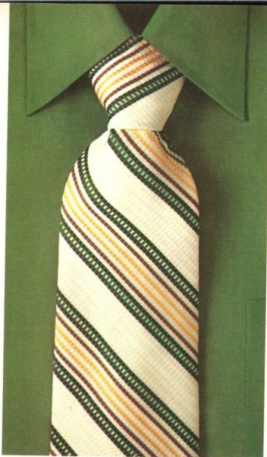
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Ask for a free copy of the
"Mark of Fashion" booklet at a
Sears Men's Store near you.





Europe on a Nikkormat FTn and two lenses

You want to buy a good 35mm camera for your trip, and you've been told the "normal" lens is just right for all the pictures you'll be taking. It isn't.

You'll discover that you can't get close enough to the action in the Plaza de Toros for a frame-filling shot of the toreador. Or far enough away to get as much of that quaint Montmartre street as you'd like into the picture.

We offer a solution. A complete travel photo outfit by Nikon. The Nikkormat FTn singlelens reflex with two famous Nikkor lenses; a wide angle 35mm f2.8 for close quarters as well as sweeping panoramas. Plus, a compact 105mm f2.5 telephoto for bringing distant sights within arm's length, and for candid shots without offending the natives.

With this great combination you'll also handle any in-between situations, so you'll never miss the normal lens. Switching from one to the other is a matter of seconds.

Both these lenses offer plenty of speed — enough even for color shots inside Westminster Abbey, without flash. And, wait 'til you see

the sharp detail and life-like color they put into your slides and pictures!

As for the Nikkormat FTn, you'll find it a delight to handle — fast, smooth, uncomplicated. It has a unique thru-the-lens "center-weighted" meter system that provides accurate exposure quickly with either lens (or any of the thirty others in the Nikon system). And the meter system works with the lens wide open, so the finder image remains bright and clear. (Two other important points: the FTn has shutter speeds to 1/1000, so you can shoot from a moving car; and it's really a good idea to let your spouse have some of the fun.)

Take a tip from the pros who stake their reputations on this same equipment. Ask your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer to show you the Nikkormat FTn and the Auto-Nikkor 35mm f2.8 and 105mm f2.5 lenses. Or write for details.

Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530
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THE RUM COLLINS.

**IT'S A TOM COLLINS MADE WITH RUM.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.**



You've heard about the Tom Collins. And you've heard about the Vodka Collins.

Now hear us out about the White or Silver Rum Collins.

A Collins mix is simply a fragile blend of lemon juice, sugar and soda.

Everything depends on what you add to it.

You can thin out the taste of a Collins. Or, you can easily upstage it.

A Puerto Rican Rum has the good taste to share the limelight with a Collins mix.

Our rums are distilled at high proof, aged and filtered with charcoal. So, they have no bite or strong aroma.

And they're light, clear and dry so they never intrude on the flavor of the Collins.

If we've gone out of our way to make our rums just so—there's good reason.

We want you to taste both the rum and the Collins.

Instead of just the rum or the Collins.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

NOW THE WORLD'S SMALLEST ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR BY SHARP HAS AN EVEN SMALLER PRICE.



THE NEW SHARP ELSI-8. THE ELECTRONIC MATH MACHINE THAT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN 65 WORKING DAYS

If your work calls for any more elaborate calculating than mere adding and subtracting—the ELSI-8 will save you time...and money. Given half the chance it pays for itself in 65 working days.

That's some claim for a 3½" x 5½" electronic calculator. But the ELSI-8 lives up to it. It not only multiplies, divides, adds and subtracts. It also does mixed and exponent calculations. And credit balances.

Its floating decimal sets automatically. And you'll learn to operate it in under two minutes.

How come such big performance? Our miniaturized ELSI (Extra Large Scale Integrated) Circuits in the ELSI-8 are the most advanced circuits around. NASA uses them for moon shots. Sharp uses them to send your calculating problems packing.

Compact enough to slip in your attaché case or coat pocket, the ELSI-8 can be used anywhere off AC.

It also comes with built-in battery and recharger for an additional \$46. So you can use it on the train, or plane, or anytime you're on-the-go.

Either way you can count on the ELSI-8 for quick reliable answers. It's all the calculator most modest-size business or professional offices ever need. Larger companies use it

as an auxiliary that cuts out costly waiting around for the big office calculators.

See for yourself how the "Everybody Math Machine" can save you time. And help make your work more profitable. Just mail the coupon. For fast action call toll-free 800-631-1971 (In N.J. dial 800-962-2803).

Sharp Electronics Corporation
Dept. T-41
10 Keystone Place,
Paramus, New Jersey 07652



The Sharp ELSI-8 sounds like what we need. Please send full information.



Name _____
Company _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

VEGA KAMMBACK. IT'S A WAGON AND THEN SOME.

The Vega Kammback wagon is three things. It's a Vega. It's a Kammback. And it's a wagon.

Let's start backwards. As you can see by the wagon-like shape, the Vega Kammback is a wagon. The back end lifts up. The back seat folds down. And while it's no giant, it'll easily hold plenty of groceries and rose bushes and antiques and cub scouts.

But the Vega Kammback wagon is more. It's a Kammback.

Kammback is not just another fancy word. It refers to the aerodynamic shape of

our little wagon. A shape that contributes meaningfully to both the stability and the handling of the Kammback.

Which means you may feel the desire to forget the rose bushes and the cub scouts and just go for a ride. Just for the fun of it.

Our clincher: the Vega Kammback wagon is also very much a Vega. So without even asking, you'll get an overhead-cam aluminum engine, front disc brakes, front bucket seats and lots lots more.

The Vega Kammback wagon. It's a lot more than you bargained for.



Buckle your seat and shoulder belts.
It's an idea you can live with.



a socialist system they do not comprehend. Few immigrants can save the cost of the return trip and write face-saving letters of success to the folks back home. "It'll be all right" becomes the way of life, and the worker who seeks above-average achievement is jealously discouraged.

Truly, Australia has a wonderful future awaiting her—and always will have.

JAMES S. ADAMS
Lyndell, Pa.

Sir: My compliments for your comments on the quality of Australia's political leaders and for your superb photographs. However, it is unfortunate and misleading that you did not include shots of the squalor in which we force our aborigines to live, our overcrowded classrooms, our urban decay, the destruction of our environment and wildlife, and the raw sewage on Sydney's beautiful beaches.

PETER MCPHEE
Eltham North, Australia

Sir: The Americanization of Australian suburbia is in full swing, and instead of beer and pubs, Middle Australians are now turning to Coca-Cola and fried chicken. Young Australians are fighting in Viet Nam to ensure future U.S. protection of our suburbs; but being an extroverted lot, most Aussies still manage to laugh off the thought of Australia's becoming the 51st state.

R.N. WALL
Sassafras, Australia

Sir: I spent one year, the most invigorating of my life, in Australia. The sense of discovery and liveness in that country makes it far more exciting than the U.S. But I'm very alarmed that Australia is becoming so popular, especially with Americans. Soon the uniqueness of Australia is going to fade into the familiar.

BILL BACHMAN
Wellsboro, Pa.

Russian Feet in Jewish Shoes

Sir: It must be awful to live in a state of siege, to be afraid to venture out for fear of obscenities and insults. It is cruel to persecute children because of their nationality [May 24]. The Jews in Russia have lived that way and worse for generations. Maybe it will help for Russian feet to be in Jewish shoes for a while.

MRS. R.J. KUPFERMAN
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir: I am a Jew, but I do not see how the harassment of Soviet diplomats can do any good for anyone. They do not decide Russian policy, and even if they did, I cannot see how the Jewish Defense League approach could win Russian understanding and consideration of complaints. If we are ever to find world peace and love, we must begin by treating all men as our brothers, including Russian diplomats.

LINDA SHERMAN
Los Angeles

Sir: The most beautiful photograph is that of the Soviet diplomat being followed by J.D.L. members in New York. It is wonderful to give the Red murderers a taste, if slight, of their own medicine.

PHILIP EIBEL, M.D.
Montreal

Sir: The overwhelming majority of American Jews want the law to be enforced as fairly for the Jewish Defense League as

for the Black Panthers. It can be no other way for a people who have historically suffered from unequal justice.

MONROE S. BROWN, D.D.S.
Alexandria, Va.

Sir: Jews have been persecuted for over 2,000 years, and most of us non-Jews have been responsible; however, I fail to see how the J.D.L. hopes to stop Soviet mistreatment of Jews by shouting obscenities at a little girl in New York.

H. GEORGE DECANCO JR., M.D.
Pittsford, N.Y.

Respect for Office and Incumbent

Sir: I was deeply shocked at your attribution to me [May 31] of remarks during the course of a meeting at the White House that could only be interpreted as disrespectful of the President.

I cannot disclaim my age, to which reference is made. But I do disclaim and declare as utterly false the remarks in question. My deep respect for the office of the President and for the present holder of that office completely precludes my having thought, much less expressed, any such sentiment.

JOHN J. MCCLOY
New York City

A Second Look

Sir: Your story on soft contact lenses [May 31] states that Griffin Laboratories "only last month received Food and Drug Administration approval to begin testing its product." To the contrary, the clinical testing commenced more than 18 months ago when an Investigational New Drug exemption for the Griffin lens was issued by the FDA. Since that date, the Griffin

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**Myers's Rum
makes a daiquiri
taste like a
daiquiri.
Not a lot
of fruit juice.**



MYERS'S RUM IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN A SHAKER TOP BOTTLE FOR COOKING. ALL KINDS OF MIXED DRINKS TASTE BETTER WITH MYERS'S. FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE: PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVE., N.Y. 10022. MYERS'S, TRUE JAMAICAN RUM. 84 PROOF.

If you're flying to London, you've already paid for Ireland.

"So why not get what you've paid for?"



Bob Considine,
noted author
and columnist

asks Bob Considine, "including some of the world's best golf and fishing."

"Ireland, the land of the green, is also the land of the *greens*. You're never more than a good chip shot away from a great round of golf, with over 200 superb courses—27 around Dublin alone, including Portmarnock, which many pros consider one of the world's best.

"And Ireland comes free with your air fare when you're flying to London on Irish-Aer Lingus. So why fly over one of the most beautiful travel bargains in the world?

"Speaking of savings, I found that at most courses \$3 to \$5 covers a day's play, including greens fees, caddy, lunch and tea. You can rent clubs for \$1.50 to \$2, although Irish-Aer Lingus will take tender loving care of your own set and haul 'em around at a special low rate.

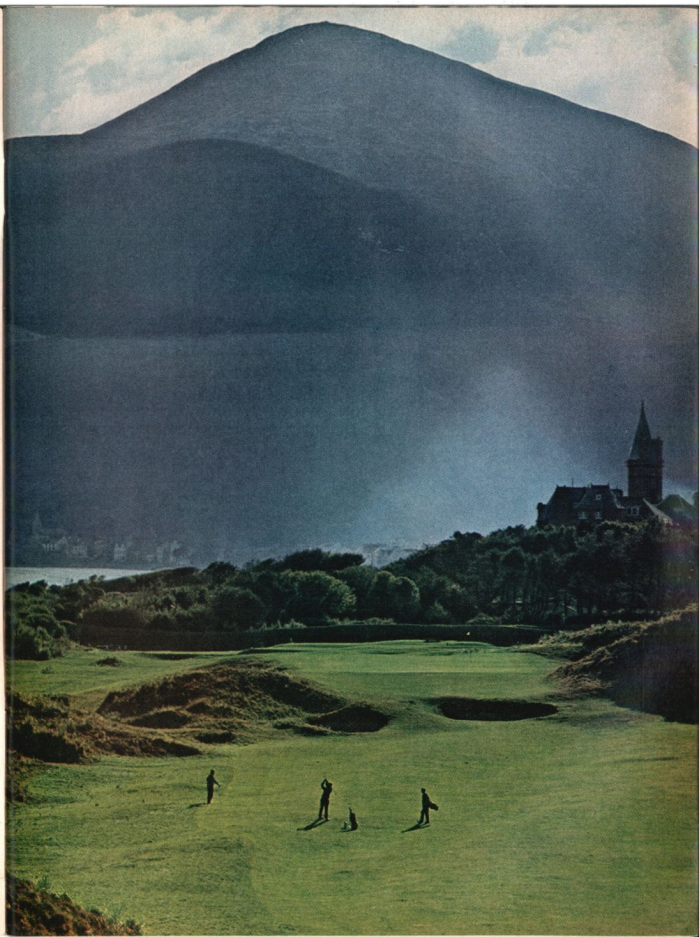
"When you're not sinking putts, you might try sinking a line for a few of those famous Irish salmon, trout and pike. Ireland's tranquil lakes, rivers and offshore waters are a fisherman's paradise. It's a delightful dilemma to choose between a number 3 wood and a 3x leader. But no matter what your sport, Ireland's your place! And I'll put myself on the line for that.

"Jet there on Irish-Aer Lingus, the Irish International Airline. Their 747's and 707's offer you more flights to Ireland than anybody else. From New York, Boston, Chicago, Montreal. And they'll jet you beyond Shannon and Dublin to London... 22 other European cities. They'll even arrange golf and fishing tours for you. Call your travel agent or Irish-Aer Lingus."



IRISH-AER LINGUS

IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES



Introducing Frost 8/80 Dry White Whisky:

The color is white. The taste is dry. The possibilities are endless.

You've never seen a whisky like this. Because there's never been one like it.

It's hard to make. But it's easy to enjoy. And here's why.

The mellowing is done in carefully seasoned oak barrels.

And that's just the beginning. It goes through 8 full steps on the way to terrific. And it's filtered 3 extra times through:

Hard wood. Soft wood.

And nutshell charcoals.

The result is the first whisky that looks white, tastes dry, and mixes with just about anything. Orange juice. Tomato juice. Tonic. Ginger ale. Soda. Or you can drink it on the rocks. It's that good.

Frost 8/80 is easy to enjoy.

The color is white.

The taste is dry.

The possibilities endless.

FROST 8/80



APARTMENTS FOR RENT

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FLOOR	ROOMS	RENTAL
1 Bdrm, 17th floor with w/h empty, dishwasher \$25.00		
For information, contact Mr. Schultz, Apt. 5-D or call 997-4033		

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You need professional people born and bred on today's sound management principles. People who recognize that managing is making your property return the maximum profit on your investment.

People like Baird & Warner.

We're one of the country's largest management firms. And we got that way by providing our clients with total involvement.

We pinpoint potential problems before they mean trouble. So your tenants stay happy. We also use sophisticated marketing and accounting techniques to keep occupancy up and costs down. So you stay happy.

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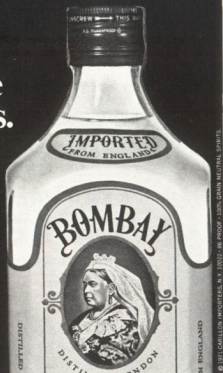
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ALLAN A. ISEN
President
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Salaries and Scores

Sir: Jack Scott may believe that "you shouldn't feel badly just because you lose" and Dave Meggysey may bemoan the "incredible racism" and "dehumanizing conditions, violence and sadism" of pro football [May 24], but the overwhelming evidence seems to indicate that the team that is emotionally "up" for the game is the one that wins, not the one whose players' identity crises have been solved and whose civil rights have been observed. Those who opt for a career in professional sports must face the hard fact that their highly inflated salaries are paid for by the people who want to see and back a winner, not a player who (in Scott's words) feels that "the final score should be almost incidental."

GEORGE F. PLATTS
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Sir: I think Jack Scott and others may be saying that the time of participatory sports and lifetime sports is at hand, and that the crowd-pleasing spectator sports can be left to the pros and television, or disappear entirely.

Sports such as bowling, golf, tennis, swimming, bike riding, mountain climbing and countless others all have the fun associated with sports and yet everyone can participate. Size alone is not such a determining factor as it is in football or basketball. Handicaps often tend to even the competition and make matches exciting and a much better spirit of individual accomplishment seems to exist.

We in the U.S. may even discover some of the wonderful athletic competitions that other countries have been aware of for years. Perhaps even table tennis will become popular for other than diplomatic reasons!

DICK BURNS
Bowling Coach
Western New England College
Springfield, Mass.

Volunteers for a Swap

Sir: John Blashill's article "The Island of Not Having" [May 17] makes Gan sound like an ideal spot for the troops here on Shemya to visit for rest and recuperation. Our island is a 2-by-4-mile dot of tundra at the far western end of the Aleutian chain. We are about 1,200 Air Force, Army and civilian men with no females. We do get a chance to ogle the Reeve-Aleutian Airline stewardesses twice weekly. The Gan Island weather, fishing, golf, tennis and volleyball sound like a little bit of heaven compared with Shemya. If any RAF troops would care to swap assignments, I'm sure we could find volunteers.

EDWIN M. BINDER
Colonel, U.S.A.F.
APO Seattle

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME, JUNE 14, 1971

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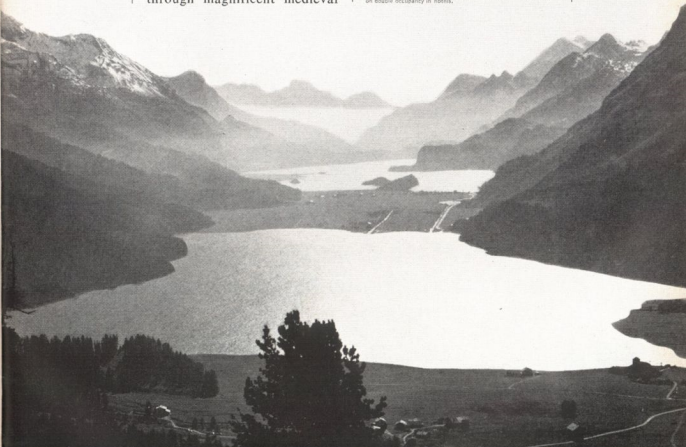
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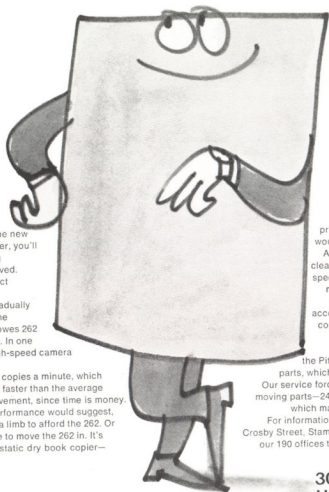
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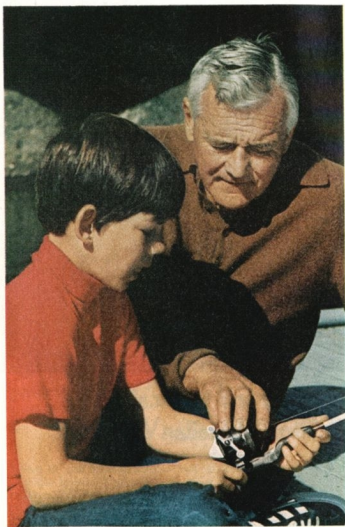
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C-54 GALAXY AT PARIS SHOW

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

TIME's first issue, dated March 3, 1923, included an Aeronautics section. Despite the aviation industry's youth, there was no shortage of news. Items:—A device praised by an enthusiastic Thomas Alva Edison as "the first successful helicopter" set a record at McCook's Field in Dayton by remaining aloft for two minutes, 45 seconds.

—The British Air Ministry was building the first "Aerial Dreadnought," or seaplane.

—French Pilot Sadi Lecoq set a new world speed record (averaging 233.01 m.p.h.) over a four-kilometer course.

—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Marshall Field were among a handful of businessmen planning the first commercial "airship" line between Chicago and New York.

News of the aerospace field is no longer confined to one section of the magazine, but receives continuing coverage in a number of departments. In April, TIME did a cover story on the industry's difficulties. Last week we reported on the Paris Air Show, and this week Business carries an account of a ride in the new Anglo-French Concorde. Time has also come to be a catalyst for aviation ideas beyond the printed page. Periodically we bring together industry leaders, Government officials and others to exchange views and examine new developments.

Such meetings give top figures in the field a rare opportunity to compare notes. In 1969, 150 executives attended the TIME/747 Conference in Seattle, where most of them got their first glimpse of the awesome jumbo jet. The following winter TIME flew a similar group to Bristol, England, and then to Paris for a peek at the Concorde and a seminar on the future of the SST.

Last week we continued the tradition by inviting 175 aviation leaders and observers from the U.S., Europe and the Middle East to the TIME/Supercor Conference at Deauville, France. The group, hosted by Time Inc. President James Shepley, heard expert appraisals of aviation prospects and problems, then went to the Paris Air Show. Among the Government officials participating were U.S. Transportation Secretary John Volpe, Federal Aviation Administrator John Shaffer and Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Sevier Browne.

At the air show, America's mammoth C-54 Galaxy challenged the Soviet show-stoppers for attention over the tarmac of Le Bourget Airport. Volpe reminded the TIME conference of another kind of challenge. Next year, he said, the U.S. will hold a transportation exhibition of its own at Dulles Airport near Washington, D.C.

The Cover: Photograph by Ollie Atkins.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
June 14, 1971 Vol. 97, No. 24

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Of War and Heroes

Sensing his own frailty, each man yearns for someone stronger or nobler or more certain in whom to believe. He embraces God, or he elevates mortals to the status of heroes, or he does both. The death of World War II hero Audie Murphy (see page 27) was a melancholy reminder that society imposes an impossible burden on those few from whom it expects so much. This is especially true of the battle hero, whose impulsiveness, perhaps sheer recklessness, and submersion of self can emerge as fatal faults in the day-by-day pursuit of peacetime success. And the hero, too, aware of his own weakness, must always fight the fear that he does not deserve all of the accolades.

The pressure has crushed many war heroes. World War II Flying Ace "Pap-py" Boyington returned to take to the bottle, fall into debt and observe bitterly: "Show me a hero and I'll show you a bum." Marine Ira Hayes, one of the idolized flag raisers at Iwo Jima, died at 32 in a drunken stupor, frozen in the wintry outdoors of an Indian reservation. Similar strains tear at relatively unknown Congressional Medal of Honor winners as their wartime exploits dog them. Marine Johnny Basilone, decorated for bravery at Guadalcanal, was obsessed with the notion that someone else had done the deeds for which he was honored, refused his right to seek a Stateside assignment, and was killed at Iwo Jima. Michigan's

Sergeant Dwight Johnson, whose heroics in Viet Nam verged on the suicidal, required psychiatric treatment on his return, then was fatally wounded when he tried to hold up a Detroit drive-in grocery store.

The ancient Greeks may have had a more humane idea. They were hero worshipers, too, but an individual had to die before he was enshrined. The dead, at least, cannot destroy or be consumed by their own legends.

Beauty Over Bullets

From youthful radicals to such eminent Establishmentarians as Dwight Eisenhower, critics have assailed the military-industrial complex as too powerful for the nation's good. Former FAA administrator E.R. ("Pete") Quesada claims that at least in monetary terms, the vastness of the complex is a myth. He bet a colleague one box of cigars that the value of common stock of the ten largest companies commonly assumed to be part of the complex was less than that of a single cosmetics firm.

Quesada is now smoking contentedly. He produced figures proving that as of April 26, the common stock of the ten companies (Lockheed Aircraft, General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, United Aircraft, North American Rockwell, Litton Industries, Grumman, Ling-Temco-Vought, Boeing and Raytheon) was worth \$4,723,814,437. On the same date the common stock of Avon Products was valued at \$5,618,240,682. It is comforting to learn that the nation values beauty above bullets. It is also dis-



MODEL USING AVON SKIN CREAM
More money than the myth.

concerting to think that American women need all that much help to look pretty. But in fact, by a more traditional measure of economic impact, the military-industrial companies far out-rank Avon. Avon sales last year were \$759 million; Quesada's ten companies did nearly \$24 billion worth of business.

Insecure Council

In the shrouded pyramid of ascending levels of governmental secrecy, the National Security Council stands at the apex. Yet when it meets and turns out the lights for a briefing, an outsider can walk right in. So, at least, claims former Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, who reveals that such a bizarre incident in his first novel, *On Instructions of My Government*, was based on an actual happening in 1961.

As Salinger tells it, Seattle Television Executive Eloy McCaw (who died in 1969) arrived in Washington to attend a Pentagon meeting of a volunteer citizens' advisory group of which he was a member. The meeting was canceled because the Berlin crisis was hot and the top military chiefs were attending an NSC meeting at the White House. Unaware of this, McCaw called Air Force General Curtis LeMay's office and was directed by a confused secretary to the meeting at the White House. According to Salinger, Brigadier General Chester ("Ted") Clifton, President Kennedy's military aide, escorted McCaw to a darkened room where slides of Soviet troop concentrations were being shown. When the lights were turned on, McCaw was astonished to find the President there—and the generals were even more shocked to see McCaw. To ensure security, they considered recalling him to active Air Force duty, but finally accepted his pledge of total secrecy.



HAYES



JOHNSON



BOYINGTON

More humanness from the Greeks.

A Simple Spectacular at the White House

JUST after 4 on Saturday afternoon, the Army Band will sound Jeremiah Clarke's *Trumpet Voluntary*. At that signal, Richard Nixon will lead his daughter Tricia down the wisteria-laced stairs from the Blue Room balcony and into the White House Rose Garden. There, in front of a bowered altar just outside the President's Oval Office, before 400 guests, Tricia Nixon will become Mrs. Edward Finch Cox.

Except for the fact that the father of the bride is President of the U.S., the Nixon-Cox nuptials would attract little more public attention than, perhaps, a few paragraphs in the Sunday New York Times, Eastern society's county clerk. But a White House wedding, whoever the incumbent or the bride, has a certain nimbus of history about it. Tricia's will be the fourth presidential wedding in five years, counting Julie Nixon's marriage to David Eisenhower when her father was President-elect; yet repetition has not much dimmed the novelty. Enough atavistic American love of royalty and appetite for pageant remain, along with gossips' curiosity about the powerful, to make it a kind of minor national ceremony.

The betrothed merit close scrutiny. Unlike, say, Luci Johnson, who was a fairly girlish and unformed 19 when she married Pat Nugent, Tricia Nixon, at 25, is a young lady of high, imperious and sometimes mysterious definition. Whatever the lollipop image her Buster Brown hats and patent shoes may have given her, Tricia is a cool, self-possessed woman with a porcelain near beauty and a talent for conservative *mots*. Some detect in her a steely if youthful combination of the manner of Grace Kelly and the views, not so oft expressed, of Martha Mitchell. And, of course, a psychogenetic blend of Pat and Richard Nixon.

Ed Cox is a fascinatingly subtle contrast. A tall (6 ft. 1 in.), circumspect liberal Republican seven months younger than his bride, he is a scion of Eastern gentry who trace their bloodlines back to the Revolution. He served as one of the original Nader's Raiders, and his reticent charm, some friends believe, masks an incisive intelligence and healthy ambition. It is an American marriage to be reckoned with.

Some in New York's *Social Register* set believe that the marriage is somehow vaguely morganatic. Eddie's mother, Anne Finch, is descended from Robert R. Livingston, who signed the Declaration of Independence, administered

the oath of office to George Washington and was envoy to France in Napoleon's time. His statue stands in the Capitol's Statuary Hall. The other side of the argument is that the daughter of an American President does not marry up. In a meritocratic society, it is not convincing to suggest that the groom outranks the bride socially because of a forebear's accomplishments six generations back.

In some ways, a White House wedding reflects the style of a presidency. Luci Johnson was married in the large-

hoped that the ceremony could be private. She relented because, as she told TIME's Bonnie Angelo last week, "we both thought it fitting and appropriate to share it with so many of the American people."

But how much to share? There followed long and delicate negotiations over television coverage. It was finally agreed that TV cameras could video-tape all of the wedding proceedings except the actual ten-minute ceremony. Even what the cameras can record cannot be shown

live; the networks will telecast the tapes later in the day.

The weather and guest list were special problems. If it rains, as it has often in Washington this spring, the ritual will be moved inside to the East Room, which can comfortably accommodate only about 400 standees. Teddy Roosevelt's daughter Alice, who, at 87, will be a Nixon guest on Saturday, discovered as much in 1906 when she packed in 680 for her marriage to Congressman Nicholas Longworth; some of the ladies began to swoon in the crush.

Thus limited to 400 guests, the senior Nixons and Coxes are inviting from 40 to 50 couples each, with the rest allotted to Tricia and Eddie. As a result, many Washington egos have been bruised. The diplomatic corps is excluded—although the slight was softened by a reception for Tricia and Eddie last week that was given by Secretary of State William Rogers' wife Adele. Even the leadership of Congress was struck from the list.

The Nixons, for their side of the aisle, are asking mostly old, close friends: Los Angeles Businessman Jack Drown and his wife, Industrialist Robert Abplanalp, Bebe Rebozo, PepsiCo President Donald Kendall. Other guests: Chief of Protocol Emil Moshbacher Jr., Federal Reserve

Board Chairman Arthur Burns and Paul Keyes, a former writer for TV's *Laugh-In*. The President's brothers, Donald and Edward Nixon, will attend, as will Mrs. Nixon's brothers, William and Thomas Ryan, and her half brother, Matthew Bender. At one point, Mrs. Nixon suggested throwing all the names in the air and inviting the ones that landed face-up. After the invitations went out, the White House phone began ringing with calls from scores of chagrined friends—and strangers—who claimed that their invitations had been lost in the mail. One improbable person who did receive an invitation at the bridegroom's insistence—and plans to attend—is Eddie's friend Ralph Nader.

Meantime, a tidal flow of nuptial



EDDIE & TRICIA IN WHITE HOUSE ROSE GARDEN
Nimbus of history.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Of War and Heroes

Sensing his own frailty, each man yearns for someone stronger or nobler or more certain in whom to believe. He embraces God, or he elevates mortals to the status of heroes, or he does both. The death of World War II hero Audie Murphy (see page 27) was a melancholy reminder that society imposes an impossible burden on those few from whom it expects so much. This is especially true of the battle hero, whose impulsiveness, perhaps sheer recklessness, and submersion of self can emerge as fatal faults in the day-by-day pursuit of peacetime success. And the hero, too, aware of his own weakness, must always fight the fear that he does not deserve all of the accolades.

The pressure has crushed many war heroes. World War II Flying Ace "Poppy" Boyington returned to take to the bottle, fall into debt and observe bitterly: "Show me a hero and I'll show you a bum." Marine Ira Hayes, one of the idolized flag raisers at Iwo Jima, died at 32 in a drunken stupor, frozen in the wintry outdoors of an Indian reservation. Similar strains tear at relatively unknown Congressional Medal of Honor winners as their wartime exploits dog them. Marine Johnny Basilone, decorated for bravery at Guadalcanal, was obsessed with the notion that someone else had done the deeds for which he was honored, refused his right to seek a Stateside assignment, and was killed at Iwo Jima. Michigan's

Sergeant Dwight Johnson, whose heroics in Viet Nam verged on the suicidal, required psychiatric treatment on his return, then was fatally wounded when he tried to hold up a Detroit drive-in grocery store.

The ancient Greeks may have had a more humane idea. They were hero worshippers, too, but an individual had to die before he was enshrined. The dead, at least, cannot destroy or be consumed by their own legends.

Beauty Over Bullets

From youthful radicals to such eminent Establishmentarians as Dwight Eisenhower, critics have assailed the military-industrial complex as too powerful for the nation's good. Former FAA administrator E.R. ("Pete") Quesada claims that at least in monetary terms, the vastness of the complex is a myth. He bet a colleague one box of cigars that the value of common stock of the ten largest companies commonly assumed to be part of the complex was less than that of a single cosmetics firm.

Quesada is now smoking contentedly. He produced figures proving that as of April 26, the common stock of the ten companies (Lockheed Aircraft, General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, United Aircraft, North American Rockwell, Litton Industries, Grumman, Ling-Temco-Vought, Boeing and Raytheon) was worth \$4,723,814,437. On the same date the common stock of Avon Products was valued at \$5,618,240,682. It is comforting to learn that the nation values beauty above bullets. It is also dis-



MODEL USING AVON SKIN CREAM
More money than the myth.

concerting to think that American women need all that much help to look pretty. But in fact, by a more traditional measure of economic impact, the military-industrial companies far outrank Avon. Avon sales last year were \$759 million; Quesada's ten companies did nearly \$24 billion worth of business.

Insecure Council

In the shrouded pyramid of ascending levels of governmental secrecy, the National Security Council stands at the apex. Yet when it meets and turns out the lights for a briefing, an outsider can walk right in. So, at least, claims former Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, who reveals that such a bizarre incident in his first novel, *On Instructions of My Government*, was based on an actual happening in 1961.

As Salinger tells it, Seattle Television Executive Elroy McCaw (who died in 1969) arrived in Washington to attend a Pentagon meeting of a volunteer citizens' advisory group of which he was a member. The meeting was canceled because the Berlin crisis was hot and the top military chiefs were attending an NSC meeting at the White House. Unaware of this, McCaw called Air Force General Curtis LeMay's office and was directed by a confused secretary to the meeting at the White House. According to Salinger, Brigadier General Chester ("Ted") Clifton, President Kennedy's military aide, escorted McCaw to a darkened room where slides of Soviet troop concentrations were being shown. When the lights were turned on, McCaw was astonished to find the President there—and the generals were even more shocked to see McCaw. To ensure security, they considered recalling him to active Air Force duty, but finally accepted his pledge of total secrecy.



HAYES



JOHNSON



BOYINGTON

More humaneness from the Greeks.

A Simple Spectacular at the White House

JUST after 4 on Saturday afternoon, the Army Band will sound Jeremiah Clarke's *Trumpet Voluntary*. At that signal, Richard Nixon will lead his daughter Tricia down the wisteria-laced stairs from the Blue Room balcony and into the White House Rose Garden. There, in front of a bowered altar just outside the President's Oval Office, before 400 guests, Tricia Nixon will become Mrs. Edward Finch Cox.

Except for the fact that the father of the bride is President of the U.S., the Nixon-Cox nuptials would attract little more public attention than, perhaps, a few paragraphs in the Sunday New York *Times*, Eastern society's county clerk. But a White House wedding, whoever the incumbent or the bride, has a certain nimbus of history about it. Tricia's will be the fourth presidential wedding in five years, counting Julie Nixon's marriage to David Eisenhower when her father was President-elect; yet repetition has not much dimmed the novelty. Enough atavistic American love of royalty and appetite for pageant remain, along with gossips' curiosity about the powerful, to make it a kind of minor national ceremony.

The betrothed merit close scrutiny. Unlike, say, Luci Johnson, who was a fairly girlish and unformed 19 when she married Pat Nugent, Tricia Nixon, at 25, is a young lady of high, imperious and sometimes mysterious definition. Whatever the lollipop image her Buster Brown hats and patent shoes may have given her, Tricia is a cool, self-possessed woman with a porcelain near beauty and a talent for conservative *mots*. Some detect in her a steely if youthful combination of the manner of Grace Kelly and the views, not so oft expressed, of Martha Mitchell. And, of course, a psychogenetic blend of Pat and Richard Nixon.

Ed Cox is a fascinatingly subtle contrast. A tall (6 ft. 1 in.), circumspect liberal Republican seven months younger than his bride, he is a scion of Eastern gentry who trace their bloodlines back to the Revolution. He served as one of the original Nader's Raiders, and his reticent charm, some friends believe, masks an incisive intelligence and healthy ambition. It is an American marriage to be reckoned with.

Some in New York's *Social Register* set believe that the marriage is somehow vaguely morganatic. Eddie's mother, Anne Finch, is descended from Robert R. Livingston, who signed the Declaration of Independence, administered

the oath of office to George Washington and was envoy to France in Napoleon's time. His statue stands in the Capitol's Statuary Hall. The other side of the argument is that the daughter of an American President does not marry up. In a meritocratic society, it is not convincing to suggest that the groom outranks the bride socially because of a forebear's accomplishments six generations back.

In some ways, a White House wedding reflects the style of a presidency. Luci Johnson was married in the large-

hope that the ceremony could be private. She relented because, as she told *TIME*'s Bonnie Angelo last week, "we both thought it fitting and appropriate to share it with so many of the American people."

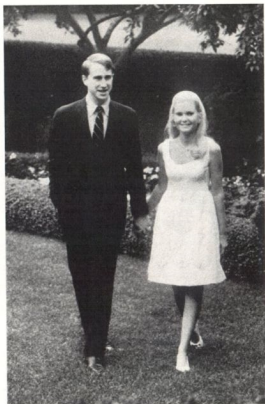
But how much to share? There followed long and delicate negotiations over television coverage. It was finally agreed that TV cameras could video-tape all of the wedding proceedings except the actual ten-minute ceremony. Even what the cameras can record cannot be shown live; the networks will telecast the tapes later in the day.

The weather and guest list were special problems. If it rains, as it has often in Washington this spring, the ritual will be moved inside to the East Room, which can comfortably accommodate only about 400 standees. Teddy Roosevelt's daughter Alice, who, at 87, will be a Nixon guest on Saturday, discovered as much in 1906 when she packed in 680 for her marriage to Congressman Nicholas Longworth; some of the ladies began to swoon in the crush.

Thus limited to 400 guests, the senior Nixons and Coxes are inviting from 40 to 50 couples each, with the rest allotted to Tricia and Eddie. As a result, many Washington egos have been bruised. The diplomatic corps is excluded—although the slight was softened by a reception for Tricia and Eddie last week that was given by Secretary of State William Rogers' wife Adele. Even the leadership of Congress was struck from the list.

The Nixons, for their side of the aisle, are asking mostly old, close friends: Los Angeles Businessman Jack Drown and his wife, Industrialist Robert Abplanalp, Bebe Rebozo, PepsiCo President Donald Kendall. Other guests: Chief of Protocol Emil Moshbacher Jr., Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns and Paul Keyes, a former writer for TV's *Laugh-In*. The President's brothers, Donald and Edward Nixon, will attend, as will Mrs. Nixon's brothers, William and Thomas Ryan, and her half brother, Matthew Bender. At one point, Mrs. Nixon suggested throwing all the names in the air and inviting the ones that landed face-up. After the invitations went out, the White House phone began ringing with calls from scores of chagrined friends—and strangers—who claimed that their invitations had been lost in the mail. One improbable person who did receive an invitation at the bridegroom's insistence—and plans to attend—is Eddie's friend Ralph Nader.

Meantime, a tidal flow of nuptial



EDDIE & TRICIA IN WHITE HOUSE ROSE GARDEN
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est Roman Catholic church in the Western Hemisphere—in a ceremony to which, as Comedienne Edie Adams said, "only the immediate country will obey a Nixonian instinct for the *via media*. It will be neither the largest nor smallest: a simple spectacular.

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Mrs. Nixon and Tricia examine gifts in the Queens' Bedroom.

Chatting on White House balcony with Julie, matron of honor.



An exuberant private laugh in the Lincoln Sitting Room, where Eddie proposed to Tricia more than two years ago.

in pursuit, and then blithely departed with his bride in the fifth.

Tricia and Eddie Cox will be among the handsomest of White House couples. They are certainly entering their marriage with more knowledge aforethought than most. They have known each other for more than seven years, since first they met at a dance at Manhattan's Chapin School, where Tricia was a student.

Sense of Struggle

They bring interestingly disparate backgrounds to the match. Tricia was born in Whittier, Calif., soon after her father announced for a seat in the House. She seems to possess a first-born's empathy for her parents—meaning, in Tricia's case, a honing sense of struggle, of discipline, of success and abrasive failure. Whatever Pat Nixon's efforts to shield her daughters in normal pursuits (Brownies, Girl Scouts), Tricia obviously suffered through enough of her father's famous *Six Crises* to emerge resolutely conservative and, like her father, a tensely private person.

One Republican has located Tricia "slightly to the right of Ivan the Terrible," and she has been called the most conservative of the Nixons. She has, for example, congratulated Spiro Agnew for throwing "fear" into the press and television, and once approved of Lester Maddox's refusal to serve blacks in his Atlanta fried-chicken restaurant. She later explained that she meant only to defend the prerogatives of private property.

Some at the White House regard Tricia as a single-minded, foot-stamping girl with a "princess complex." With equal accuracy and a bit less stereotype, she is known to some friends for a rollicking and spontaneous sense of humor. At her bridal showers, she clowning by donning a red wig and outside dark glasses from a "White House getaway box," mugging happily. She may be Garboesque in her reclusiveness, but on a televised tour of the White House a year ago, she displayed, some thought, more charm than Jacqueline Kennedy on a similar show in 1962. As startling as it may seem in her generation, Tricia is capable of complete filial piety. "Our parents," she says, "were so wonderful to Julie and me. My father is one of the most compassionate people I've ever met."

The Pick of Now

Tricia knows, despite her disclaimers, that she is misread—and may realize that the misreading has come largely from her flowing blonde hair, which adds to the fairy-princess stereotype, and her too-young clothes, which are the outcome of both her taste and her tiny size-4 figure. She liked it when she heard that a photographer had found her "sexier" of late. "I think that everyone is a combination of different qualities, of different ideas," she says. "I think it's good for people to see you in

different lights, so they can see you as a total person. Although you can never get the total picture of anyone. So much is response."

A friend of the groom's says that "Tricia is getting the pick of the Now Generation"—which may be an eccentrically enthusiastic way to describe Ed Cox. He is, in fact, a collage of suavely mixed opposites. His mother, Anne C.D. Finch, is descended from pre-Revolutionary Van Rensselaers and Schuylers. His father, Howard Cox, takes some pains to explain that although he is widely known as Colonel Cox, "the highest I ever got was lieutenant colonel" while serving as a cargo pilot in World War II. A New York lawyer, he is a former National Commander of the Military Order of the World Wars, and the family orbits from a town house on Manhattan's East End Avenue to the exclusive River Club to the family's "place" on Long Island's Westhampton Beach, where the colonel sails and pilots a chartered Twin Comanche plane.

In such an atmosphere, Ed Cox developed the accent and leisurely skills of the established Eastern WASP: boating, tennis, squash. In an almost ostentatious triple play, he went from Princeton to Yale to Harvard—Princeton as an undergraduate majoring in public and international affairs, Yale for one year as a graduate student in architecture, then Harvard Law School.

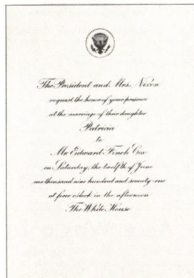
The Dating Years

Ed Cox, however, is as susceptible to misleading stereotyping as is Tricia. In his senior year at Princeton, he attended a seminar in corporate practice led by Ralph Nader and became fascinated by Nader's references to Delaware's corporate laws. He did a term paper on the subject, which he later turned into his undergraduate thesis, attacking the laws; it sufficiently impressed Nader to earn a place for Cox on the original seven-man Nader team that studied the Federal Trade Commission in 1968. During that summer, Cox proved a dogged investigator. The following year, he worked for the *New Republic*—a liberal journal that is hardly one of Richard Nixon's favorite magazines—writing editorials about cigarette ads and the use of pesticides and two signed pieces on corruption in the United Mine Workers Union and the need to develop a new steam-powered car as an alternative to the polluting internal-combustion engine.

The year after they met at Chapin, Eddie escorted Tricia to the International Debutante Ball. By then he was a freshman at Princeton. Over the years, they dated more or less constantly and quietly, although Tricia often went out with other young men. Barry Goldwater Jr. escorted her to a White House masked ball, causing at least some ideological titillation. Ed took time out from his Nader's Raiders project in 1968 to be with Tricia at the Republican



BRIDE'S PLACE SETTING



WEDDING INVITATION



GOWN FOR BRIDESMAIDS
Without reciting Khalil Gibran.



NIXON & TRICIA (AGED ELEVEN) AT BASEBALL GAME
The first-born's empathy endures.

National Convention in Miami Beach, but most of the attention then was fixed on David and Julie. Eddie was so discreet about his relationship with Tricia that most of his colleagues at the *New Republic* were unaware of it.

The Nixon family itself was a bit late in finding out how serious the couple was. Eddie proposed to Tricia in the Lincoln Sitting Room of the White House shortly after Nixon's inauguration, but it was not until last Thanksgiving, during a holiday at Camp David, that Cox approached the President about the engagement. Ed gave Tricia an heir-

loom sapphire and diamond ring that his grandmother had worn.

The fact that Ed proposed so quickly after Tricia began her new life at the White House might suggest to pop-psychers that he was afraid of losing her. "I don't really know if that was his feeling," Tricia says. "For although Ed and I have discussed this period a great deal, because it was a very important period in our lives, a sort of crossroads, I really don't know the answer. I think that any time a change is involved, people feel, if not threatened, either a loss or a gain. Maybe he felt that, as opposed to the feeling that this life might take me away. After all, people don't really change."

Tricia and Eddie have almost cured their relationship like tobacco. "Eddie," says Tricia, "is my first and last love." What Tricia especially cherishes in Eddie, she says, "is his sincerity. He is a completely sincere person. He won't go out of his way to say anything about anyone, but he always says what he is thinking. He is never dishonest." Like many brides, Tricia also cheerfully concedes that her groom is "more intelligent" and "more intellectual" than she.

Friends of the President say that Ed-

die has made his feelings about pollution and ecology known around the White House dinner table, and that he has been known to argue with his future in-laws. At the 1968 convention, his choice for the vice-presidential nomination was said to have been New York's Mayor John Lindsay or Oregon's Senator Mark Hatfield. Tricia can easily imagine Ed becoming a Nader-bred advocate lawyer and even perhaps going into politics himself. "You know the saying," she says, "that every lawyer is a frustrated politician."

Saunas at Camp David

Ed and Tricia have managed to go out frequently without undue attention, dining in restaurants and attending concerts. Her Secret Service agents usually asked the maître d' not to publicize their visit—and whenever their presence at a certain place made its way into Washington society columns, that restaurant was struck from Tricia's list. They have few complaints about living in a fishbowl. If anything, being the President's daughter afforded Tricia additional protection for the privacy that both she and Eddie cherish. Ed came frequently for unpublicized weekends at the White House, and occasionally for a visit of nearly a week. Sometimes he was assigned the Queens' Bedroom, more often a third-floor guest room. In fact, with only the Secret Service as chaperons, they have week-ended wherever they chose—at Camp

"Alice Was a Tough Character"

In the midst of her wedding preparations last week, Tricia Nixon met in the Lincoln Sitting Room of the White House with TIME's Bonnie Angelo. Some of Tricia's observations:

I DON'T really know what the image of Tricia Nixon is. I suppose it varies from person to person. Anyone over the age of ten would probably be a tougher person than the Alice-in-Wonderland image—you couldn't help but be after living in the world, after living in New York City. But then, Alice was a pretty tough character herself, so maybe that's not a poor comparison.

To me the greatest mystery of the campaign was that it was said that David [Eisenhower] was the most liberal and Julie was next and I was the most conservative. It was just incredible. I really don't know where some of these stories develop.

I'm a very strong-minded person. Once I decide I feel a certain way about an issue or a person, I can change, but I'm not usually swayed by an argument of the moment. It usually takes much longer because I've already thought the idea through on my own, so someone has to have a lot of good

ideas to go against the ones I hold. I'm sure there are times when Ed has influenced me, but that's half the fun of it, too. We are always trying to persuade one another—sometimes we do it in jest, sometimes we are serious in purpose. Maybe he's helped to change part of an idea [I have] rather than a whole idea. [As for whether she has ever changed Eddie's views:] I don't think he'd admit to that!

Ed and I are two individual people and at this point we are still developing. We hope we will always be developing, some way. But for us to find something that is truly meaningful to devote ourselves to would be really wonderful—if we felt we could really make a contribution to one another and to other people as well.

Readiness for a new life has nothing to do with chronological age. Some people are ready earlier than others. My sister and David—that was a marriage made in heaven because it was so beautiful. Even though they were young when they married, it was just perfect and they knew it. Eddie was my first love, and we always knew how we felt about one another. We just thought

that this was the right time. Somehow I think we all may look back on this day and really think it to be a beautiful thing. And historical.

[Moving to Cambridge, Mass., in the fall] is going to be totally different—the difference between night and day for me. Even the White House might afford you the possibility of having a normal life more than any other place, because when we're at San Clemente or Key Biscayne or Camp David or even at the White House in the private family quarters we can really be ourselves. But in a place like Cambridge, you're always going to be on display. Well, I suppose we'll be able to visit friends the way we do here, and to have our apartment, but other than that it will be much more the idea of being exposed. But you want to have a home with the person you love. There are many things I'll have to give up when I move from the White House to Cambridge, but there'll be so many things that I'll have that will be wonderful.

Yes, I think my father should run again. I think he's a terrific President. And if we can just get the Congress off the dime, we can get a lot of good programs through. Maybe we can re-elect my father and elect some new members of the Congress and Senate.



AT RECEPTION GIVEN BY ROGERS



AGNEW CONGRATULATING COX
The President's daughter does not marry up.



MEETING AFRICAN DIPLOMAT

David, the White House, Key Biscayne.

At the White House, they played pool —"Fast Eddie" usually won—and frequently watched movies. "That's one of the wonderful things about living in the White House," says Tricia. "You can get any movie on 24 hours' notice. We've seen all the old movies we've always wanted to see—Humphrey Bogart and W.C. Fields. We're great fans of W.C. Fields; his sense of humor is so droll." Both are interested in history and savor the White House because of its former tenants, Tricia's favorite being Dolley Madison. "Because she was so outgoing and warm," says Tricia, "I think she bridged so many gaps present in the country."

For nearly hermetic privacy, no place was better than Camp David on Maryland's Catoctin Mountain. Tricia especially liked getting away from the omnipresent guards and tourists around the White House grounds. Along with privacy, the camp, like a resort hotel, offered swimming, tennis, skeet shooting, putting green, movies, bicycling and roller-skating. Tricia, who calls herself "the world's most unathletic woman," tried to keep up with Ed, who has an almost indiscriminate passion for sports. "The only time I have seen Edward uncoordinated," Tricia says, "is on a surfboard." In winter there is a roaring fire in the lodge, but Tricia unexpectedly came up with another pastime: "Eddie and I have discovered a marvelous thing to do up there in the winter. We discovered the sauna, and then we go into the pool afterward instead of the snow. It's fantastic!"

Love Story

Many of the summer weekends of their courtship they spent at the Cox home, Ann-How-Ten, at Westhampton Beach. "You can hang loose there," according to Tricia. The one time she tried to sail Ed's Sunfish by herself, she capsized. Ed rescued her. On visits to Cambridge, Tricia ate with Eddie at local restaurants or at his law school club, Lincoln's Inn.

As the wedding approached—along with Ed's law school exams, which ended last week—Tricia and her mother mobilized a small army of more than 100 chefs, florists, seamstresses, painters and calligraphers. Pat Nixon threw herself into it with a special enthusiasm that may have assuaged the unhappiness of knowing that both of her daughters have left her wing. Even though she and the President will celebrate their own 31st wedding anniversary nine days after Tricia's wedding, Mrs. Nixon insists that she has no advice to offer her daughter. "We've always been so close," she says. "We've always confided in each other. There's really nothing I can tell her now. My only advice is—just be happy!" She adds warmly: "I'm so glad that Eddie is finished with exams now and can enjoy the fun. He's going to be a wonderful son-in-law."

After a year in which Julie was often in Washington while David Eisenhower went through Navy officers' training, the Nixons will face an emptier house this summer. The Eisenhowers are moving to Atlantic Beach, Fla., near David's new naval base. Eddie and Tricia will live in New York while Ed clerks in a federal attorney's office, then settle in a two-bedroom Cambridge apartment in September as Ed begins his third year of Harvard Law School; the locale, if not all of the circumstances, conjures up Erich Segal's *Love Story*. Except for the few months after Lynda Johnson got married, it will be the first time since the '50s that the White House has no presidential sons or daughters running around to enliven the mansion.

For the Nixons, the contrast will be all the bleaker after the noise and gaiety of the wedding. Tricia and Eddie will exchange vows in a ten-minute service presided over by the Rev. Edward Gardiner Latch, a Methodist who is the Nixons' old family pastor and chaplain of the House of Representatives. While hardly venturesome as the new improvisational weddings go—Kahlil Gibran will not be recited—the service

will be mildly ecumenical. There will be Episcopal (Ed is an Episcopalian) as well as Methodist and Catholic prayers. In fact, it will be the most innovative of any White House wedding. Then, to Purcell's *Trumpet Tune* and *Air*, Tricia, in her Priscilla of Boston gown, will climb the curving south stairs on Eddie's arm, followed by the rest of the bridal party, including Matron of Honor Julie Eisenhower.

Aiming for Maizie

White House regulars may notice one singular change from the usual presidential party: instead of the Marine Band, which prides itself as "the President's own," the Army Strings will play, their first time at any major White House event. The only Marines will be a harpist and flutist providing background music in the Diplomatic Reception Room. There is a reason, whispers a White House source: the Nixons feel that the Army has had to suffer so many indignities of late, so much attack from within, that this is one small way to honor it.

Inside, the champagne will froth in the Diplomatic Reception Room, with a lavish buffet of smoked salmon, roast beef and shrimps in coconut (caviar and foie gras were eliminated for economy reasons) spread in the State Dining Room not far from the multistoried cake. After an interval at the reception, Tricia will climb halfway up the red-carpeted grand stairs and toss her bouquet down to the attendants waiting below; if Tricia's aim is on, it probably will fall to Ed's 25-year-old sister Maizie, who will be a bridesmaid. Then, reversing the White House pattern of more than 100 years—brides customarily change to traveling clothes and sneak away—Tricia and Eddie will leave by the North Portico in full wedding regalia while the guests pet them with rose petals.

There will be one other diverting change. Richard Nixon, who has never been seen doing so since he became President, promises that he will dance at his daughter's wedding.

Congress: Quarrel Over Sharing

THE scene in the cavernous committee room was deceptively calm. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, was smiling and attentive. The chief witness, Treasury Secretary John Connally, was relaxed and cordial. There was little outward sign that these two wily, vastly experienced politicians were meeting in a head-on clash over the Nixon Administration's top-priority bill, the measure that proposes to share an initial \$5 billion a year in federal revenues with the states and cities.

For months before last week's confrontation, Vice President Agnew had traveled around the U.S. drumming up support for the measure, while Mills went cross-country to denounce it before

only \$821,964 for decaying New Bedford (pop. 101,777). "This formula doesn't do anything but put money where the wealth is," said Gibbons. When Ohio's Charles Vanik argued that the 25 largest cities in the U.S. would receive only one-quarter of the \$5 billion, Connally bluntly confessed: "This is not a bill to relieve the urban crisis." The Administration, said Michigan Democrat Martha Griffiths, wants to give money to Podunk in order to win as many votes as possible. "Podunk is part of America," snapped Connally. "It is impossible to devise a formula that will answer the problems of all 38,000 political subdivisions of this country."

Representative Griffiths went on to complain that some states should not

the chief spokesman for the bill. No one disagreed. Connally was not in this instance playing his usual role of spokesperson. Mills was overheard saying: "His heart was not in it." When Tennessee Democrat Richard Fulton ended his questioning, he told the Secretary: "I do not want to be premature, but I do tender you my condolences."

Dead or Alive. Connally's faltering was not all his own fault. He was led down the garden path by Wilbur Mills, a longstanding opponent of the revenue-sharing concept. Mills is determined to discredit Nixon's economic policies and—if possible—kill the revenue-sharing plan forever. This is a matter of not only political philosophy and party loyalty, but also presidential ambition as well. Mills wants to see the Democrats defeat Nixon in 1972; he is also beginning to think that he may be the man to do it. Mills is now taking his presidential candidacy somewhat more seriously than at first.

Mills is inviting the nation's Governors and mayors to testify in the weeks ahead. He expects their testimony to undermine whatever little remains of Nixon's case for revenue sharing. Things may not necessarily work out that way, however. Many of the Governors, and especially the mayors, have grown enamored of the sharing idea. Once such a goody has been dangled before them, they are not likely to let it be taken away. When Senator Muskie seemed to be backing away from revenue sharing a couple of months ago, the mayors set him straight with dire warnings of political reprisal. Muskie got the message. At the same time that Connally was testifying, a Senate subcommittee was holding hearings on Muskie's own revenue-sharing bill—a plan that would provide \$6 billion to the states and localities instead of the Administration's \$5 billion and would apportion it at least partly on the basis of need. Muskie's bill stands no greater chance of passage than Nixon's.

For all their political differences, the mayors, Mills and Nixon might find themselves not so very far apart in the long run. All acknowledge the pressing need of many states and cities for federal funds; the only question is how to supply them. The Administration professes itself willing to find a compromise. Mills has proved artful in the past at discovering a way out of a political impasse. Nixon's revenue-sharing plan may be dead, but the demand for federal funds in one form or another is still very much alive.

DRUGS

Nixon on the Offensive

Unlikely as it first seems, President Nixon has turned the nation's drug problem into what he calls a major foreign policy concern. During a recent jaunt through Europe and North Africa, Presidential Counsellors Robert Finch and Donald Rumsfeld met with leaders in eleven lands to underscore Nixon's



MILLS & CONNALLY AT COMMITTEE HEARING
Setting Nixon up for defeat.

half a dozen state legislatures. Now that the battle was finally joined on Capitol Hill, the amicable charade was quickly ended. Connally had no sooner finished his 15-minute presentation in favor of the bill than Chairman Mills showed his hand. "I want to congratulate you," he told Connally, "for making a very fine statement in behalf of a very weak cause." The other members of the committee then proceeded to probe the weak points skillfully.

Representative Sam Gibbons of Florida complained that the bill allots money to a city in proportion to the amount of tax revenue the city raises. This means that heavily taxed but not so needy cities would get more aid than impoverished communities whose tax base has steadily eroded. Comfortable Newton, Mass. (pop. 91,066), would get \$1,527,668 v.

receive federal funds because they do not tax themselves enough. Connally retorted that that was "not fair." When he served as Governor of Texas, he said, he raised taxes at every session of the legislature. "Does Texas have an income tax?" asked Representative Griffiths. "No, ma'am," Connally replied, almost contritely. Said Griffiths: "Well, Michigan does have an income tax. I'm not interested in Michigan paying any more to help Texas meet its problems."

By noon of the first day of hearings, it was publicly plain that the bill had no chance in committee, much less in the House. Of the 25 committee members, only four—all Republicans—spoke in favor of it. One of them, New York's Barber Conable, was so persuasive that Connally suggested that he should be



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concern over illicit international traffic in narcotics. Last week at his press conference, in answer to a plainly planted question, the President called for a "national offensive" to fight addiction among American youth—with special emphasis on veterans who return from Viet Nam hooked on heroin. The Administration is also drafting legislation that will assemble in one organization the prevention, treatment and rehabilitation elements of drug control.

What appears to be in the works is a new federal program, initially costing an estimated \$100 million, that will coordinate and expand the efforts of existing agencies. The Treasury Department's law enforcement operations, primarily against smuggling, and the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs would continue, but with increased funds. The treatment, rehabilitation and education programs would be centered in a new office, probably in HEW. Its director would have wide powers to draw on existing resources at HEW and the National Institutes of Health, and would report directly to the President.

Political Fallout. The catalyst for the President's program has been drug abuse among both Viet Nam veterans and G.I.s in the field. Within the Administration, the private reports on the drug problem in Viet Nam have become increasingly dire over the past two years. There has been a steady flow of White House and Administration officials to Viet Nam, and all have come back depressed by the narcotics crisis.

The President is obviously deeply concerned at the destruction of human lives by drugs, particularly among the young; the White House estimates that 50% of U.S. addicts are under 21. Nixon is also keeping an eye on the drug issue's political potential. The fallout from drug abuse in Viet Nam could continue to focus attention on the American presence there and make the war an issue even after troop levels are down to 40,000 or 50,000 next year.

Then, too, there is growing concern as drugs creep into Nixon's natural middle-class white constituency. Reston, Va., for example, the planned community once heralded as an American dream suburb, has a drug problem. Two weeks ago, a 14-year-old runaway from the community, Carolyn Ford, died from a heroin overdose. In the same week, a 17-year-old Santa Barbara, Calif., youth stabbed himself to death rather than surrender to narcotics officers; he was among 41 people being rounded up in raids following a four-month narcotics investigation.

One recent tragedy also serves to illustrate the insidious spread of addiction. Early one morning last week a 16-year-old girl and a 22-year-old man were found dead on the steps of a Queens, N.Y., hospital, both from narcotics overdoses. Police discovered that the girl's older brother had died of a heroin overdose several weeks before, and that another brother had narrowly escaped a similar fate at the same time.

THE MILITARY Charge of a General

For all the scalding publicity and agonized soul searching that the U.S. Army had to endure in the case of Lieut. William Calley Jr., his trial and subsequent conviction did not penetrate the military's innermost defenses. After all, Calley was hardly one of the elite of the officer corps. He was one of those thousands of peripheral soldiers of ordinary background and average intelligence who slog their way through O.C.S., enjoy a career of tedious assignments in grubby outposts and never, never rise beyond the rank of colonel.

John W. Donaldson, 47, is something else: the very model of a modern brigadier general. He boasts an impeccable



DONALDSON IN VIET NAM
The morass is legal and moral.

military heritage. His father and grandfather were West Pointers and high-ranking officers. Donaldson graduated from the Point in 1944, and his duty assignments have been exceptional. He studied French civilization at the Sorbonne and German at Middlebury College in Vermont, and received a master's degree in foreign affairs from George Washington University in 1963. From 1956 to 1960 he served as senior aide-de-camp in Paris to General Lauris Norstad, then Supreme Commander of Allied Forces, Europe. Donaldson holds a Silver Star, Bronze Star, Distinguished Flying Cross and Purple Heart.

"Evasive Action." Although there had been earlier reports that the Army might soon accuse a general officer of murder (TIME, May 10), the Pentagon was understandably shaken last week when Donaldson was charged with killing six Vietnamese civilians and assaulting two others. According to the Army Donaldson, while a colonel commanding the 11th Infantry Brigade of the Americal

Division, on numerous occasions took potshots at Vietnamese with an M-16 rifle from his helicopter. The helicopter pilot who blew the whistle on Donaldson said that the shootings occurred between October 1968 and March 1969.

Before his attorneys shut him up, Donaldson did not deny the shootings, but said he had made a point of firing only at men who "took evasive action" during battle and must hence have been the enemy. Other than that, he has been silent except to issue a stock statement: "These charges are based upon an investigation and a report prepared by the Army's Criminal Investigation Division which has been a one-sided report. Certain parts of this report and investigation have just now been made available to me and to my counsel. I would like to say that I have full faith in the U.S. Army. The Army has been my life and I have full confidence in the U.S. military judicial system." Said his Army lawyer, Lieut. Colonel Robert Poydassheff: "We haven't had a chance yet to come forward with all our evidence. When all the evidence is in, I feel General Donaldson will be vindicated."*

Calley Mold. Also charged with two separate killings was Donaldson's operations officer at the time, Lieut. Colonel William McCloskey, 39. Although he is a dedicated officer with ten Purple Hearts to his credit, McCloskey is more in the Calley mold, a onetime enlisted man who served two hitchhikes before going to O.C.S. in 1954.

What happens now depends upon Lieut. General Claire E. Hutchin Jr., commanding general of the First Army, to which both officers are now assigned (Donaldson was transferred from a sensitive Pentagon post when news of the forthcoming charges began to seep out). If Hutchin decides to proceed, the next step is a formal investigation under Article 32, the approximate Army equivalent of a grand jury hearing. Then, on advice from the Judge Advocate General's attorneys, Hutchin may or may not order a court-martial.

No Retreat. He almost certainly will. The Army is still stinging from charges that it made a scapegoat of Calley. It would leave itself open to a charge of whitewashing if it dropped the Donaldson affair without a trial. Besides, the man behind the investigation is General William Westmoreland; the flinty Chief of Staff has announced that "the system is on trial." Brigadier General Samuel Koster, Americal Division commander at the time of My Lai, has already been reduced to his present rank on Westmoreland's recommendation. Many ranking officers are

* The last U.S. general to be accused of war crimes was Brigadier General Jacob H. Smith in 1901. He was court-martialed for ordering a Philippine village turned into a "howling wilderness" and "all persons over the age of ten" slaughtered. He was convicted and later admonished and ordered to retire by President Theodore Roosevelt.

up in arms over Westmoreland's inquisition. Says a friend and brother officer of Donaldson: "He is the least likely man to have knowingly shot a civilian. They have picked the wrong man here, and those charges are preposterous." Another general was more blunt: "What is Westmoreland doing to the Army? He's ruining it. Why? To save himself?"

The Donaldson case, set against the background of the nation's most enervating war, seems likely to set life-long comrades-in-arms against one another in the Pentagon. In all the legal and moral morass, Donaldson may never be able to provide his fellow Army officers with a satisfactory answer to one nagging question: What was a brigade commander doing charging about the countryside in a helicopter during battle, pumping at fleeing figures with an M-16?

The union had been slowly recovering from its bad publicity, and did not want to see it start all over again.

Hoffa, however, did not base his decision on any such selfless consideration as the welfare of his union. The Washington Post alleged that the Teamsters offered him \$100,000 a year for the rest of his life if he would give up the presidency. Payments will begin when he is released from jail. As part of the deal, his ailing wife Josephine will keep her \$40,000-a-year job directing political activities among Teamster women; young Jimmy reportedly will be named general counsel of the union at \$50,000 a year. A Teamster official denied all.

Hoffa was also convinced by his lawyers that he would have a much better chance to be paroled if he surrendered the presidency. All sorts of people have been angling for his release, offering to

An ardent supporter of Nixon in 1960, Hoffa could be useful to the President if he were released before the 1972 election. Despite his imprisonment, he is still worshiped by the rank-and-file of the Teamsters, which has become the nation's largest union with some 2,000,000 members. What Hoffa says still counts with the Teamsters. The decision about whether or not to release him rests, of course, with the Federal Parole Board, which has a Nixon-appointed majority. The board said that it would not review Hoffa's case until next spring, but it can reopen a case within 90 days after rejecting an applicant. That means that Hoffa might just possibly be released this month.

Fair Game. The man nominally in charge of the Teamsters is the opposite of Hoffa. Where the stocky Hoffa was brusque and imperious, the portly Fitzsimmons is amiable and accommodating.



FITZSIMMONS WITH HOFFA'S SON



JIMMY HOFFA

Offers of bizarre deals by all sorts of people.

LABOR Hoffa Steps Down—For Now

For weeks, top Teamsters had been nervously waiting. Would their tough little boss Jimmy Hoffa run for the presidency of the union again, even though he is still serving a 13-year sentence for jury tampering and pension-fund fraud in Lewisburg (Pa.) Penitentiary? Last week the word finally came down: he would not. Making the announcement in the Teamsters' ornate Washington headquarters, Hoffa's son James, a Teamster lawyer, said that his father was bowing out in favor of the union's acting president, Frank Fitzsimmons.

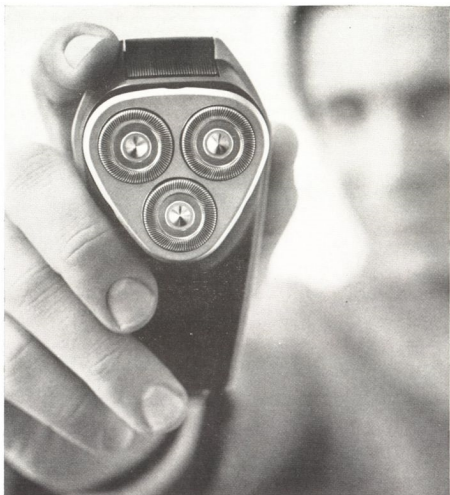
Plainly relieved, the Teamster executive board voted unanimously to support Hoffa's choice, who will have no trouble getting elected at the union convention that begins July 5 in Miami Beach. After Hoffa's latest bid for parole was turned down in March, some of the Teamster leadership begged him not to try to run for office from prison.

make bizarre deals in his behalf. Last December a petition seeking his parole was sent to the White House with some 250,000 names. Probably no one has worked for him harder than William Loeb, archconservative publisher of the coincidentally titled Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader*, which once received a \$2,000,000 loan from the Teamsters' pension fund. Only last month the *Union Leader* broke a murky story that Edward Partin, the Louisiana Teamster whose testimony helped convict Hoffa of jury tampering, had repudiated what he said in court. But there has been no confirmation of the story from either the Justice Department or Partin.

An Arrangement. The day before Hoffa's decision was announced, Loeb met with U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell. The timing was purely accidental, the Justice Department insisted; Loeb had asked for the meeting a month ago. But it gave rise to the conjecture that the Administration was making some sort of arrangement with Hoffa.

Serving 30 years in Hoffa's shadow, Fitzsimmons learned how not to offend—so much so that he has allowed Hoffa's highly centralized power to slip back into the hands of the district vice presidents. At the same time, the union has grown faster than ever. While other U.S. unions have had trouble maintaining membership, the Teamsters have continued to recruit not only truckers but also office workers and airline stewards.

It is hard to imagine that Hoffa, now 58, will keep hands off this flourishing empire when he gets out of prison. He is not the kind to take orders from the man who was once his protégé. Hoffa, in fact, will still retain a Teamster title or two. While in prison, he was elected head of the Michigan Conference of Teamsters as well as president of his home-town local in Detroit. No law bars him from assuming these posts once he is out of prison. From there, it might be only a short sprint back to the summit.



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CRIME

Anatomy of a Murder Suspect

In the shady, thickly fruited Sullivan orchards near Yuba City, Calif., Sheriff Roy Whiteaker and his deputies pressed their search—even using a light plane equipped with an infra-red camera to detect buried decomposing bodies. By week's end two more corpses had been found near the banks of the Feather River; the total stood at 25. The only suspect in the case, Juan Corona, 37, a taciturn farm-labor contractor, was arraigned in Sutter County Courthouse and charged with ten counts of murder (he will be charged with more when the remaining bodies are identified). He remained calm; in his behalf, his lawyer pleaded not guilty to each of the charges.

At first Juan Corona seemed an unlikely suspect. He is married and the father of four daughters who have achieved the Chicano dream of middle-class American respectability. His stucco-and-wood ranch-style house in Yuba City proudly boasts a front-window trophy that Corona won last year for float decoration in the annual Our Lady of Guadalupe parade. He is deeply devoted to the Roman Catholic Church and is a member of the Cursillistas, a group trying to revive religion among Chicanos. Said his distressed wife Glorinda: "He was always a good husband. He treated us right, without violence. Such a good husband and father could never have done this."

Unhinged. Yet Corona stands accused of wantonly slaughtering at least two dozen men, some of them drifters from Marysville's Skid Row. Indeed, his history has its seamy side. He and

his elder brother Natividad, a known homosexual, came to the U.S. illegally in the late 1940s. They both won U.S. resident-alien permits, however, and began to prosper. Juan became a contractor who assembled work gangs before dawn and delivered them to the local orchards; Natividad bought the seedy but popular Guadalupe Café in Marysville. Juan was unhinged by the Feather River flood of December 1955, which killed 40 people. He broke down, and Natividad had him committed. Two doctors diagnosed him as schizophrenic; incredibly, he was pronounced "recovered" three months later and released.

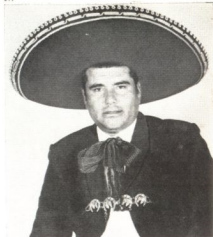
Corona returned to his contracting job, regaining the confidence of the area orchard owners (he had the run of the Sullivan ranch, where most of the bodies have been found). He kept to himself and taught his family to do the same. "He never bothered anyone around here," says a neighbor, Mrs. Eleta Kelley. "Their children stayed close to the yard and were seldom allowed on the streets." Adds another neighbor, Mrs. Wilma Huff: "The only thing odd was the strange hours he kept."

No Welfare. There were other oddities. His commitment to the church became obsessive. He said the rosary every night with his family, went to Mass three times a week and recently went on a retreat. Curiously, although no one has ever seen him on a horse, Corona recently joined the El Charro Association, a society dedicated to promoting horsemanship in the Mexican tradition. He often went to his brother's bar at night, but never drank. Said one farm worker: "He would just sit

silently and look at the rest of us." A year ago he and his brother were defendants in a civil suit stemming from a knife attack on one José Raya. Raya, whose lips were chopped off in the attack, won a \$250,000 damage suit against Natividad, who fled the country before the judgment came down against him. No judgment was entered against Juan.

One breach in Juan's carefully erected defenses was the decline in his business brought about by increased farm mechanization. He recently applied for welfare benefits and was turned down, which acquaintances say thoroughly embittered him. Then there was the arsenal of weapons found in the Sullivan labor camp and Juan's 1971 Chevrolet van: two hunting knives, two butcher knives, a double-bladed ax, a club with possible bloodstains, pistol shells and a machete. Police also discovered empty

UPI



CORONA IN EL CHARRO OUTFIT

This year no trophy in the window.

graves that had apparently been prepared but left unfilled.

If Corona goes to trial, it would surely be the goriest—and hence the most sensational—in the nation's annals of mass murder. Whatever happens, one thing is certain: there will be no float-parade trophy this year to fill the other front window of the neat house on Richland Road. The window is occupied anyway—by a brass balance scale, the ancient symbol of justice.

POVERTY

A Vote in the Action

Q: What do you get when the Government puts \$8,000,000 into the ghetto?
A: An \$8,000,000 crap game.

Comedian Dick Gregory's sardonic commentary all too accurately sums up the prevailing cynicism concerning poverty programs. Critics from suburbia and the ghetto alike tend to view the war on poverty as a disaster area in which money filters down from the unwilling hands of taxpayers into the inefficient and sometimes greedy fingers of social agencies—stopping just short of the poor whom it is supposed to reach. Such skepticism may often be well founded, but must it be the rule?

The Action for Boston Community Development (ABCD) has taken ambitious steps to ensure that the money does reach the needy. As the local administrative arm of the federal anti-poverty program, the group has headed an Office of Economic Opportunity mandate calling for "maximum feasible participation" of the poor. Starting in 1965, ABCD established Area Planning Action Councils (APACs) in eleven of the city's low-income neighborhoods.

Despite ghetto apathy, a paucity of funds, and an uncomfortable ethnic mixture in most of Boston's poorest neighborhoods, the results have been remarkable. Now each district boasts its own local board, which gives residents a firm voice in the administration of many

PLANE ON INFRA-RED SEARCH FOR GRAVES



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community undertakings—among them Head Start nurseries, senior-citizen programs, remedial education and recreation projects. In recent weeks some 14,000 people turned out to cast ballots for 200 candidates seeking 120 seats on the APAC boards. From the Irish and black community of Dorchester to the Italian North End, Boston has witnessed a merry binge of mainstreeming, leafleting and parties with some of the excitement of a mayoral election.

Apolitical. Typical of the elections was the campaigning in the North End, one of the nation's most colorful and tightly knit communities. One victorious candidate, Ted Tomasone, a clerk in the Boston municipal criminal court, had a few posters and a slew of tiny cards printed. Other candidates contented themselves with Magic Marker signs and mimeographed slips reminiscent of student council elections. The atmosphere was distinctly nonpartisan; most of the loudspeaker cars simply urged the people to get out and vote.

The turnout reflected APAC's burgeoning impact. The first election, in 1968, drew a dismal 52 voters. This year 1,628 North Enders went to the polls. Many of them had made no use of new APAC-sponsored facilities (a Head Start nursery, a softball diamond, and even a local theater), but they recognized APAC's importance as a community force. Said Margaret D'Ambrósio, a middle-aged housewife, as she left the polls: "They never had meetings and things like this when we were kids growing up. I don't go to meetings now myself, but they're starting something here that's good for the community." Above all, it seems to give people a sense of doing something worthwhile. Said the North End's executive director, Joseph Bellofatto: "It's a unique form of government. Where else would these people get a direct voice in a quarter of a million dollars?"

Dropout U. With 1,200 full-time salaried staffers and 600 volunteers, the bureaucracy of ABCD alone provides a special form of training program. ABCD Chief Robert Coard explains that a number of students who failed to finish high school have nevertheless moved into the mainstream of U.S. life through their experience as members of the agency's board. "I call it 'Dropout University,'" he says.

There are critics, of course, who are skeptical of such credentials and wonder how thoroughly the poor benefit from the \$20 million in programs that ABCD administers. Says City Councilman John Saltonstall Jr., cousin of ex-Senator Leverett Saltonstall: "ABCD is a fine experiment, but I would like to see a more honest and objective effort at assessing what's happening in each of the programs." For all its own version of red tape and entrenched attitudes, however, ABCD is considered by most experts to be one of the more vital and democratic poverty programs in the country.

HEROES

To Hell and Not Quite Back

When Audie Murphy returned from World War II, not yet 21 and the war's most decorated hero, he held the promise of an emerald future. Winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor and 23 other citations, credited with killing an estimated 240 Germans, the baby-faced kid from Kingston, Texas, was feted by the press and patriotic organizations, courted by business, industry and Hollywood. To an adoring public, he represented that elusive American ideal: the small-town boy who, despite seemingly insurmountable odds, goes on to perform such deeds as dreams and motion pictures are made of.



MURPHY IN HIS FILM BIOGRAPHY (1955)

Adversity was no stranger.

Yet the consequence of heroism, all too often, is an ego-rending compulsion to continue in a larger-than-life role, a task at which few succeed. Murphy was no exception. Faced with the need to translate acts of valor into a lifetime of virtue, he had nowhere to go but down. When his body was found last week in the crash of a light plane outside Roanoke, Va., Murphy, 46, left behind a promise that had dissolved unheroically into business failures, run-ins with the law and forgettable parts in forgettable movies.

No Talent. Still, Murphy's bravery in World War II was memorable indeed. A member of the Seventh Army, 3rd Division, 15th Infantry Regiment, Company B, he rose from private to first lieutenant in nearly 30 months of combat. He was wounded three times. On one occasion, he stormed a German-occupied hill alone, killing 15 and wounding 35; later he captured, singlehanded, an enemy machine-gun nest. In the battle for the Colmar pocket in eastern France, he mounted a burning tank destroyer and with its .50-cal. machine gun held off an

attacking Nazi force of some 250 men and six tanks. It was for this action that he was awarded the Medal of Honor.

Yet in his autobiography, *To Hell and Back*—he later starred in the movie version—he recalled his pleasure at being just another soldier. Even in his Hollywood heyday, Murphy was never comfortable in his hero's role. He preferred chatting with the extras to hobnobbing with actors and directors.

Murphy had no qualms about his lack of acting ability. "I'm working with a handicap," he told one director. "I have no talent." He was also quick to admit that he was in acting simply for the money. He did make money—some \$2.5 million from 40 pictures—but part of it he gave away and the rest he lost in poor investments. For the past several years he was hounded by creditors. When he died, he was on a business trip trying to close one last deal to stave off bankruptcy.

Busting Drug Dealers.

One of nine living children of a Texas sharecropper, Murphy was no stranger to adversity. While Audie was still in his teens, his father left home; his mother died soon after, leaving Audie to support what was left of the family. He scraped through, working as a farm hand and doing odd jobs, but only the war saved him from becoming a Dust Bowl drifter. When he enlisted in the infantry after being turned down by the Marines and the paratroopers because he was too small, Murphy had never been more than 100 miles from home.

Murphy was twice married: the first time for a little more than a year, to

Starlet Wanda Hendrix. His second marriage, to Pamela Archer, was more durable. He had two sons and was a devoted father. In his last years he and his family lived in a two-story English-style farmhouse in Los Angeles, attempting to make a new start.

As the world got faster and faster in the '60s, it left him farther and farther behind. Murphy played a kind of grown-up cops-and-robbers game as a special officer of the Port Hueneme, Calif., police department and as a source of Mafia intelligence for the Los Angeles County district attorney's office. He developed a powerful aversion to the drug trade and took to riding around with the police, helping them bust drug dealers. Last year he and a bartender friend beat up a man after an argument over the treatment of a pet dog. Though Murphy was acquitted on a charge of attempted murder, the incident marked the depths to which he had fallen. Audie Murphy belonged to an earlier, simpler time, one in which bravery was cardinal and killing was a virtue.

COMING TO TERMS

The following Essay by Hedley Donovan, the editor-in-chief of Time Inc., is based on a speech he delivered in Chicago last month at the annual FORTUNE dinner for executives of the 500 largest U.S. corporations:

THERE are still important choices to be made about Viet Nam. The U.S. is halfway out of the war, and the further troop withdrawals that the President has announced will see us two-thirds of the way out by the end of this year. But it is still far from clear just how we are going to come the rest of the way out. *Can we come all the way out? When? And do we come out in ways that make it possible to live with the result?*

There are also choices to be made regarding how Americans think about what they have been through in Viet Nam. These are choices that could be quite critical for the future of the country for a good many years to come. There are things that we as a nation can reasonably ask the President and Congress to do, or stop doing, now.

We must all begin by recapturing some sense of astonishment that the U.S. is still engaged in this war. Very few people can say any longer just when the U.S. did begin fighting in Viet Nam. It could be dated all the way back to the death of the first American soldier there in 1961; in the next year or two, about 250 Americans were killed while serving as military advisers. There are college seniors graduating this week who, if they began paying some attention to the news when they were, say, 14 years old, have never known a time when the U.S. was not fighting in Viet Nam.

The major intervention began on Feb. 7, 1965, with the first U.S. bombing of the North, followed in early March by the first U.S. ground-combat units going ashore near Danang. Surely nobody then in the White House, the Pentagon or Congress could have imagined that the commitment would grow to more than half a million men and the cost, at its peak, to nearly \$30 billion a year; that more than six years later there would still be a quarter of a million Americans there; that in the first week of June 1971 the total of American dead would increase from 45,183 to 45,231. Richard Nixon could not have foreseen this when, while campaigning in New Hampshire in March 1968, he said, "It is essential that we end this war, and end it quickly." That was more than three years ago and, as matters have turned out, the U.S. was then less than halfway through the war. We must try to stay astonished by this. President Nixon, in his present statements about Viet Nam, ought to put more stress on the sheer staggering length of the war, because so much else flows from that.

About a year ago, an editorial in LIFE advocated a fixed date for total withdrawal of U.S. forces from Viet Nam; the end of 1971, then 18 months away, was proposed. That date has now drawn too close to be practical, but a deadline of April 1, 1972, or July 1, could be met. This is not too different, of course, from what may be inferred from various statements by the President

and members of his Administration, which suggest that virtually all U.S. ground troops will be out some time in the second half of 1972. So far, however, the President stoutly refuses to commit himself publicly to a final date or to specify what residual forces might be left behind. The impression—but it cannot be pinned down—is that the U.S. ground-combat role will end late this year, but that U.S. air-combat operations and logistical support could continue a year or two longer, with up to 100,000 Americans still involved in Southeast Asia. The President's desire to hold back one or two cards for bargaining vis-à-vis North Viet Nam is understandable, but no longer worth what it costs in the U.S. or in South Viet Nam.

In South Viet Nam there are important elections coming up—in August for the Lower House of the National Assembly, in October for the presidency (see THE WORLD). The South Vietnamese candidates and voters are entitled to a clear understanding of what is now quite fuzzy: the limitations on the future U.S. role in South Viet Nam. There begins to be a good deal of evidence that the South Vietnamese do more on their own behalf when the U.S. does less. For better or worse, however, they should now have to plan on the Americans being gone, instead of assuming, because U.S. leaders never quite say otherwise, that our presence can always be prolonged. It would be good to get this out in the open *before* the South Vietnamese elections; to postpone the news is to export a bit of our own credibility gap.

Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois has proposed that a commission from the Congress go to Viet Nam to make sure that the American Embassy is neutral in the coming elections. This would surely be seen as a sign that the Congress was neutral against President Thieu. His regime has severe corruption problems, and he has thrown some of his most prominent political opponents, not necessarily Communists, into jail. But his government is fairly effective and has shown remarkable staying power. It is not up to the U.S. to try to "dump" Thieu.

There is an election coming up in the U.S. too. As between President Nixon and the various Democratic candidates and warmers-up, it is hard to say who would be helped and who hurt by a clear presidential commitment this summer that we will be out by next summer. But the U.S. would be helped in many ways by having such a resolve finally understood, and the general quality of next year's presidential campaign would certainly be improved. We would give both Viet Nams, North and South, far less opportunity to interfere in our election.

Coming out of Viet Nam means removing all American combat and support forces—land, sea and air—from South Viet Nam, and ending air operations, carrier-based or Thailand-based, over Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia. The U.S. should continue supplying military equipment to South Viet Nam, as it does to twelve other countries, and could maintain a small military advisory group there, perhaps a few thousand men. It is true that this leaves the North Vietnamese with no need to negotiate to get

WITH VIET NAM

us out. Over the years, however, they have shown very little interest in negotiating no matter what we did, whether we bombed them, stopped bombing, put troops in, took troops out.

The U.S. must regain control of its own policy. Many thoughtful Americans are honestly doubtful that a non-Communist South can survive after we go, and at least a few Americans will apparently be disappointed if it does. Actually, there are grounds for thinking that the South has a fighting chance, but it is also clear that the U.S. can no longer stay indefinitely to protect or improve that chance. It really is up to the Vietnamese.

Way back in 1966, Republican Senator George Aiken of Vermont suggested that the U.S. should claim victory and come home. We may well have accomplished more in South Viet Nam than in our present mood we give ourselves credit for. The point is, we have now done what we could. President Nixon should stress more often that America has made an enormous effort, far beyond anything that could have been considered a diplomatic or moral contract with South Viet Nam. He should also emphasize America's willingness to contribute generously to the postwar economic development of Viet Nam, North as well as South, and all of battered Indochina. Nixon, and President Johnson before him, have been strangely reluctant to make this a major theme. We do not need to flagellate ourselves—as various church groups, student organizations and so on have suggested—by calling such aid “reparations.” But economic assistance surely is a duty as well as an opportunity to give an affirmative cast to U.S. policy in Southeast Asia.

There are particular people who should be very much on our minds and consciences. We owe special honor and comfort to the families of the Americans who gave their lives in Viet Nam, and we owe a special scorn to any politicians who might seek to exploit their sorrow. We owe far better medical care to the Viet Nam wounded than they are getting in many of our hospitals. We must, of course, bring home our prisoners from North Viet Nam, though it may not help to treat this as a condition for, instead of a consequence of, peace. We may need to prepare some kind of asylum opportunities for individual South Vietnamese who may feel that they have to leave when the last American troops leave. Meanwhile, it is reckless for American officials to raise the specter of a bloodbath. That could be an argument for staying in Viet Nam forever.

We are not talking here about deserting an ally, and we are certainly not talking about the defeat of the U.S. We are discussing one specific and important failure: despite a tremendous effort, we were not able to project American power into a very complicated little country 8,000 miles from San Diego in such a way that a non-Communist government was certain to prevail. We are having to settle for a possibility that it will prevail.

Was our mistake to try at all? Or was it the way we went about it? For my own part, I happen still to think that the U.S. was right to try in 1965 to prevent the forcible takeover of South Viet Nam by Communism, and that such a takeover would have happened if we had not moved in as we did. I would say now, though I did not see it then, that we went

on in 1966 and 1967 to expand the U.S. effort far out of proportion to our original purposes, and that this enlarged commitment then began to take on a life of its own and even to work against our original purposes. It took me the better part of those two years to begin to see that. I wish I had been wiser sooner.

I mention my own record not because it is important in itself but to suggest a kind of Viet Nam autobiography that many of us carry around, whether we like it or not. Government officials, journalists, academics, business executives, clergymen, student leaders, military men—all the Americans who have spoken out about Viet Nam need some perspective today on their own earlier views. Some will conclude that they were right all along, and perhaps some were. But if the country is to come to terms with the Viet Nam experience, the process must begin with a good many individuals studying and acknowledging their own errors.

Such a process could help arrest any wave of national bitterness and recrimination. The President should do more to prepare the public for an ambiguous or even painful outcome in Viet Nam. This would be good immunization against the “right-wing backlash” that the White House professes to fear.

There are those who worry about a new “stab in the back” legend—an American equivalent of the Nazi notion that the German army really was winning World War I but was betrayed by the softness of the home front. But it would be surprising if such an unpopular war as Viet Nam, in such a cloudy cause, could spawn similar postwar legends. It would take an absolutely brilliant demagogue to get much mileage from the question: Who lost Viet Nam?

There was a left-wing rumor that had a few days of life earlier this spring. A story was printed about stupendous petroleum possibilities in the waters off South Viet Nam. One could almost hear a great cry of “Aha!” rise up from all those people who have known all along that the Viet Nam War must be a plot of American capitalists. The great oil bonanza was soon deflated; among other things, a wire service had made a mistake in a figure, and 4,000,000 bbl. had become 400 million. Except to the farthest-out, craziest left, U.S. business really is not a satisfactory Viet Nam villain; it is not easy to name many American corporations that have been getting much good out of the war, and it is easy to show that corporate profits and the whole economy have been hurt. The sophisticated Marxist comment about U.S. business and Viet Nam would perhaps be that the ruling class is not always bright.

Our Viet Nam policy was not the work of any lobby. It has not been deeply influenced by Republican or Democratic partisanship and certainly has not been a vehicle for individual careerism. It has been quite “pure” executive policy, conceived and carried out by honorable and able men; indeed, some very brilliant men have had a hand in it. Yet in many respects it has been badly bungled under three Presidents of two parties.

One of the ways a stable individual recovers





from a frustrating or wounding experience is by telling himself that at least he learned something from it. As a nation there is plenty we might learn from Viet Nam.

One lesson, surely, is that Viet Nam has been and still is too much a President's war, first Johnson's and now Nixon's. A democracy does not fight at its best that way. Senator John Stennis of Mississippi, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, has proposed legislation that would not apply to Viet Nam but thereafter: permitting the President to send troops into battle without a declaration of war only to repel an attack against the U.S. or to protect Americans abroad. These troops would have to be withdrawn within 30 days unless Congress approved the action. Senator Jacob Javits of New York had already put forth a similar bill. Some such legislation is very much in the national interest. There is no question that the President needs sweeping powers to deal with one of those 15-minute thermonuclear decisions that he, and we, pray that he will never have to face. But Viet Nam has been about as far from the midnight showdown as anything that could be invented: each major decision in the whole long, agonizing process has been studied for days, weeks, sometimes months, within the Executive Branch. There would have been plenty of time for full collaboration with Congress at every step of the way.

It is very difficult—practically impossible, fortunately—to visualize another place in the world where another Viet Nam could develop, where conditions of enough complexity could sustain such a baffling and inconclusive war over so many years. But it is not impossible to imagine other local and limited wars with American involvement. The warmaking responsibility should be shared by the President and the Congress, not only because the founding fathers so clearly intended it but because this is a decision that needs the benefit of collective wisdom and collective accountability. And if the decision is for war, then the war will be better understood and better prosecuted.

The Executive Branch of the Government urgently needs some possibility somehow of being wrong. That is, it needs arrangements that would allow men to change their minds. In March of 1968, Lyndon Johnson finally came to a momentous shift in Viet Nam policy: the decision to level off U.S. troop strength, to stop bombing the North, to pursue negotiating possibilities more actively. In short, the beginning of de-escalation. But it had taken the enemy's Tet offensive of January and February, Senator Eugene McCarthy's stunning showing in the New Hampshire primary in March, and the entrance of Robert Kennedy into the presidential campaign to bring about this policy shift.

We keep learning of important figures in the Johnson Administration who are now said to have been increasingly skeptical about the Viet Nam policy in 1966 and 1967. In those years the President and his men apparently found no way to stand at a distance and periodically re-examine Viet Nam policy with open minds. It is conceivable that some day we will learn of men within the present Administration who in 1970 and 1971 also had the feeling that there was no way to break free of vested interest in past error. The question is whether there is some political mechanism that can operate in between presidential-election

years to provide a tough internal review of Executive policy.

If Richard Nixon is re-elected, he might tackle this question in his second term. He has shown a very strong interest in the organization of the presidency and the flow of work and responsibility within in the Executive Branch. Some of his critics treat this as a trivial preoccupation with mechanics, but that is a quite mistaken view. Management instruments, in government as well as corporate life, can have highly creative consequences.

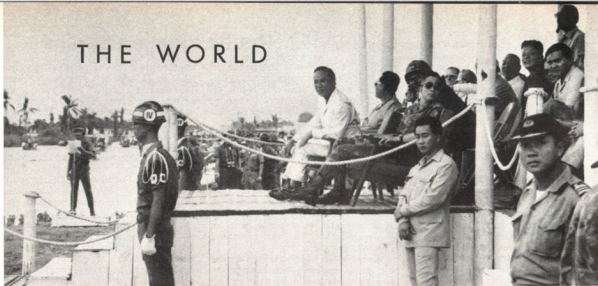
Still within the Executive Branch, there are important questions to be asked about the effectiveness of our intelligence operations and our ability to draw policy conclusions from intelligence information. It is extraordinary how often our side was wrong about what the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong could and would do. We have consistently underestimated their military capability—especially their ability to adjust to our moves—and we have overestimated their interest in negotiating. We possess tons of captured enemy documents. We have interrogated thousands of prisoners and flown thousands of reconnaissance sorties. Our South Vietnamese allies presumably have agents on the ground in North Viet Nam. Yet the enemy has repeatedly surprised us.

There are some other questions to be asked, in due course, about the quality of the U.S. military strategy and performance in Viet Nam. We are up against the most experienced guerrilla fighters in the world, but we tried to force much of the South Vietnamese military effort into conventional U.S. military forms. The whole Kennedy-McNamara Johnson doctrine of slowly stepping up the levels of force was a failure. The enemy was always able to adapt and respond. The fantastic complexity of the U.S. command structure, the mystifying extra layer at Pearl Harbor, the tremendous logistical and bureaucratic component in our forces in Viet Nam—all of these deserve rigorous review. So do the American doctrines of airpower.

There is one large lesson not to be drawn from Viet Nam. Some cynic has said that Viet Nam has given war a bad name, and it sometimes seems as though Viet Nam has also given foreign policy a bad name. Thomas Hughes, the new president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, deplors "the flight from foreign policy." Surely it would be the greatest of all tragedies of Viet Nam if it so soured or embittered us that we tried to draw back in on ourselves. The U.S. cannot escape the consequences of American power even if it wanted to, but just to try could be costly and dangerous.

President Nixon obviously remains a world-minded man. He is pursuing some very skillful diplomacy, both patient and imaginative, in regard to the Middle East, China and the Soviet Union. He was proud last month (and rightly so) to be able to announce the possibility of an anti-ballistic missile agreement with the Russians, and he is plainly pleased and intrigued by the opening in our relations with China. And this brings us to the final irony of our Viet Nam War, now in its seventh year. We first became involved in Viet Nam to contain China, and our contain-China policy first developed in the days when China and Russia seemed to be a monolithic Communist bloc. If it is now safe for us to trade with China and safe to negotiate an ABM agreement with Russia, it should be safe, at last, to bring our soldiers home from Viet Nam.

THE WORLD



SOUTH VIET NAM'S PRESIDENT THIEU AT ARMY CEREMONY IN U MINH FOREST

That Other Presidential Election

A CRUCIAL event in the sequence of U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam will take place later this year: the South Vietnamese presidential elections in October. How these elections are conducted, 13 months before the U.S. chooses its own President, will tell a great deal about the extent to which democratic institutions have begun to take root in South Viet Nam. The balloting will also offer a firm indication as to the next government's chance of survival after the Americans have gone home.

Consistent Critic. There were disturbing indications last week that President Nguyen Van Thieu and his supporters have not fully grasped these facts. As expected, Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky announced that he would oppose Thieu for the presidency. A few days later, Thieu urged Ky to resign from office immediately and declared: "I have never before heard of a country where a Vice President so consistently criticized the President and the government's policy." Retorted Ky: "I was elected by the people in 1967 and not by President Thieu. So to whom should I send my resignation?"

In the meantime, Thieu's supporters were at work in the National Assembly pushing through a law that will make it difficult for anyone to challenge the President. Last December the Lower House of the Assembly passed a bill stipulating that a presidential candidate must have the signatures of either 40 Deputies and Senators or 100 provincial councilors. It was generally assumed that under such a system Thieu, as the powerful incumbent, would win the support of the majority of legislators and councilors; the popular Major General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, another candidate, would corner most of the others; and Ky would be crowded out of the race. But the Senate subsequently defeated the bill. Most political observers

figured that Thieu, sensing widespread opposition, would not try to override that defeat by again muscling the measure through the Lower House, where a two-thirds vote would override the Senate rejection and make it law.

The observers underestimated the Thieu forces' proclivity for strong-arming the opposition. As the elections near, there have been a number of examples of such tactics. Ky was recently locked out of a hall where he was scheduled to speak, and 23 of the last 25 issues of his newspaper, the *Lap Truong*, have been seized. A prominent anti-Thieu Deputy, Ngo Cong Duc, was arrested for striking a provincial councilor who spat beer in his face.

Thus, when the Lower House met last week to reconsider the election bill,

temperatures were already high. Opposition Deputies taunted the Thieu forces, claiming that the President was buying votes for as much as 700,000 piasters (\$2,545). In an effort to force a roll-call vote, Ky Supporter Nguyen Duc Dan leaped to the rostrum, brandished a hand grenade and threatened to pull the pin. Dan was talked into giving up the weapon, and next day, despite his theatrics, the Assembly passed the bill, 101 to 22.

Safe but Humiliating. Some political experts believe that the new law will effectively eliminate Ky from the race. Not the cocky Vice President. "You'll see whether they can prevent me from running," he said. His calmness, in fact, led to speculation that he and Big Minh may have reached an agreement that would somehow permit both men to run for office.

What is particularly puzzling is why Thieu felt it necessary to use such extreme pressure against his opponents. It is true that he was chagrined at receiving only 34.8% of the vote in the 1967 election, an unimpressive mandate for a wartime President. But his reelection in October is regarded as virtually certain. Strong-arm tactics may merely encourage Big Minh and perhaps even Ky to withdraw from the race, leading to an unopposed run for the presidency by Thieu. That would be safe but humiliating for anyone trying to bill the election as a triumph of democratic forms. There was speculation that the outcry against the new law may yet lead Thieu to modify it or veto it—and then present himself as a champion of democracy.

Fair Fight. As an apparent indication of Washington's concern, U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker invited Ky to lunch last week and reportedly urged him to remain in the race, assuring him that the U.S. desired a fair

VICE PRESIDENT KY



fight. But many Vietnamese and Americans alike wonder whether that is really what Washington wants. They are deeply concerned that the U.S. has become over-identified with Thieu. Accordingly, four former AID employees have launched an intensive lobbying campaign in Washington to reinforce U.S. neutrality during the Vietnamese elections. They advocate creation of a U.S. congressional commission to "observe and study" U.S. involvement in the elections. They also urge that Ambassador Bunker, who has worked closely with Thieu, be brought home during the campaign.

It is hard to imagine, however, that such gestures could drastically alter the impression in South Viet Nam that Thieu is Washington's favorite. Last year, after all, Richard Nixon described Thieu as one of the "five or six greatest statesmen" in the world today. No matter how neutral the U.S. appears, Thieu is not likely to let the voters forget that overblown paean.

Unnecessary Advice. Thieu has already begun his re-election campaign. Last week, with the diplomatic corps in tow, he paid a flying visit to Vietnamese troops of the 21st Infantry Division in the waterlogged U Minh forest, one of the most impregnable Viet Cong strongholds until ARVN troops began a campaign to recapture it six months ago. Thieu assured villagers: "Our troops will stay on here now for a thousand years to ensure your security." At an anniversary ceremony for the division, he cut the huge birthday cake with a sword. "We don't use swords to make wars any more," beamed Thieu, "just to cut cake." The division commander, Major General Nguyen Vinh Nghi, thanked the President and urged him "to continue to steer the national boat." It was advice that Thieu is obviously chafing to accept.

NATO: The Bargaining Begins

ONLY a few hours before the 15 NATO foreign ministers met in Lisbon last week, a powerful bomb exploded at the city's central telephone and telegraph office, severing communications with the outside world. Later, three more bombs, presumably planted by left-wing terrorists to embarrass the government, went off in the Portuguese capital. The blasts in no way distracted the NATO ministers from an urgent and potentially historic task. That was to formulate a reply to Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, who late last month called on NATO to "taste the wine" of Russian intentions on force reductions in Central Europe.

After two days of consultation and debate in the restored 19th century Palácio da Ajuda overlooking the estuary of the Tagus River, the NATO ministers settled upon an answer. With the notable exception of France, which still refuses to cooperate in NATO's military activities, the 14 remaining ministers agreed to consider test-tasting the Kremlin vintage. The ministers, who first proposed the Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR) during their 1968 Reykjavik meeting, set up a two-step exploratory phase:

STEP 1: NATO members will individually probe Warsaw Pact countries about their concepts and intentions in regard to troop reductions.

STEP 2: If the soundings are encouraging, NATO deputy foreign ministers will meet in Brussels as early as autumn to draw up a joint NATO negotiating position. NATO representatives will then be chosen to probe further into Warsaw Pact reactions to the NATO proposals. If there appears to be a possibility for success, NATO would then invite the Communist

countries to a full-dress conference, possibly in Copenhagen, that would start the bargaining process for a scale-down of the huge concentration of men and weaponry that is squared off and combat-ready in the heart of Europe (see map).

The troop-reduction talks would be the conventional-arms equivalent of the U.S.-Soviet Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. But they would be even more complicated. For all its complexity, SALT involves only two nations and deals with relatively few types of weapons, notably intercontinental ballistic missiles, sub-launched missiles, plane-borne H-bombs and anti-ballistic missiles. By contrast, troop reductions could directly affect as many as 20 nations and would deal with a welter of men, weapons, firepower and geographical considerations.

"Fool's Bargain." NATO insists that any force reductions must be reciprocal, phased and balanced. Yet it will be extremely difficult for rival blocs to agree upon the calculus by which both sides could scale down without upsetting the present precarious balance of military power in Central Europe.

The most difficult factor is the geographical reality that while U.S. troops would withdraw 3,000 miles across an ocean, the Russians have only to pull back a few hundred miles to their border areas, where 400,000 Soviet soldiers in European Russia are already stationed in combat-ready divisions. The geographical inequity leads French Minister Maurice Schumann, who on Gaullist grounds is bound to oppose bloc-to-bloc negotiations anyway, to consider MBFR a "marché de dupe" (fool's bargain) and a lot of "hot air." His reasoning: the West would never accept a symmetrical 1-to-1 ratio of reduction,



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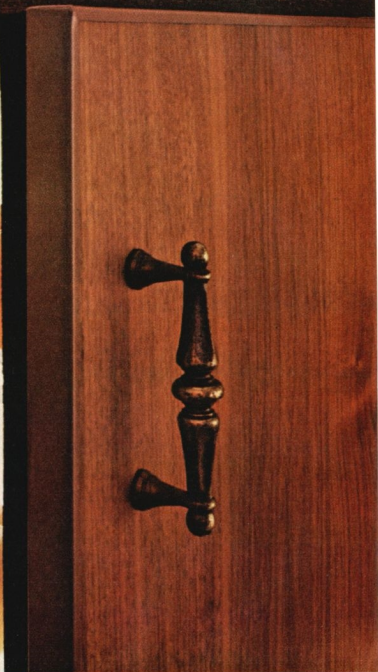
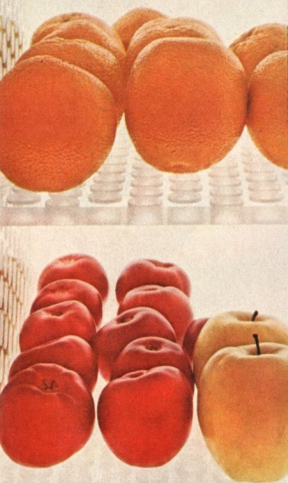


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while the Russians would laugh themselves sick if the West proposed an asymmetrical, perhaps 5-to-1 draw-down.

Other NATO members have different worries about force reductions. The Portuguese, Greeks and Turks, who are especially sensitive to growing Soviet seapower, suspect some devious plot behind Brezhnev's invitation. Most nervous of all are the West Germans, who fret that the East Germans would be represented as an equal and independent bargaining agent in the troop-reductions conference. They would thus gain international recognition without having to agree to an accommodation on Berlin, particularly as concerns free access routes to West Germany.

Soviet Risk. Nonetheless, the Nixon Administration feels that if it does not press the Soviets for mutual troop draw-downs in Europe, it might lose the next time Senator Mike Mansfield submits his bill for drastic cuts in U.S. military strength in Europe. Consequently, Secretary of State William Rogers persuaded his ministerial colleagues to treat Berlin and



SOVIET SOLDIERS ON MANEUVERS
Complicated calculus.

troop reductions as separate issues. The NATO ministers reiterated their determination not to accept the Soviet invitation to a broader conference on European security and cooperation until there is a successful outcome in the Berlin talks.

In a sense, however, the force-reduction issue is as nearly accurate a reflection of Soviet intentions as a Berlin settlement would be. Soviet troops in Eastern Europe perform the dual role of providing a forward defense for the Soviet homeland and enforcing political loyalty to Moscow. Each period of even the slightest relaxation in Eastern Europe has produced demands for more freedoms, which led in turn to renewed repression. Even a small scale-down of the Soviet presence in Eastern Europe would almost certainly kindle nationalistic hopes for greater sovereignty and freedom of action among the peoples of Eastern Europe. The initial Russian reaction to the Lisbon meeting was negative. Tass, the official Soviet news agency, complained that the NATO reply to Brezhnev's invitation was not sufficiently concrete. Still, the question that remains to be answered is whether over the coming months the Kremlin's desire for *détente* with the West will outweigh the fear of new threats to its own power in Eastern Europe.

Diplomat in Stocking Feet

THE crown of my career" is the way Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Marie Antoine Hubert Luns describes his new post as NATO's civilian chief. The phrasing is apt. In his 19 years as The Netherlands' ranking diplomat, Luns, 59, has worked as hard for Western European unity and cooperation with the U.S. as any statesman on the Continent.

As NATO's fifth Secretary-General,[®] Luns takes over at a crucial time, when the alliance is beginning to explore troop reductions with the Warsaw Pact nations. Luns' own predilection is for caution. He does not want NATO to become so mesmerized by hopes of *détente* that it will lose sight of its primary role as the defender of Western Europe.

Married to a Dutch baroness and the father of two grown children, Luns is a speed reader whose photographic memory enables him to absorb history and Foreign Ministry cables even as he is watching television. A member of the moderate Catholic People's Party, he makes little attempt to disguise his scorn for progressive Catholics within his party, and for leftists of any ilk. While looking at TV, he says, "I get up and leave when some leftist starts saving the whole world." Luns, who has served far longer in office than any other Western Foreign

Minister, has run a one-man show in The Hague, making all major decisions himself and often dismaying his civil servants by failing to consult with them.

Even so, the show has been highly effective. In the 1950s, Luns was instrumental in the success of the economic union of Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg. He helped bring about the Treaty of Rome, which set up the Common Market, and Eur-



NATO'S LUNS

atom, the pooling of Western European nuclear research facilities. He was also an outspoken champion of a strong NATO and of British admission into the European Economic Community. On both points he clashed with Charles de Gaulle, but the two men nonetheless developed a deep mutual admiration. Shortly before his death, De Gaulle sent Luns a copy of his memoirs inscribed "In Friendship."

Tall (6 ft. 5½ in.) and impeccably tailored in blue pin-stripe suits, Luns has a wry, offbeat sense of humor. During one of the Common Market's recent ministerial bargaining sessions, he shocked his colleagues by doffing his shoes and slipping on bright red knit socks. "Makes me shorter and I can think better," he explained. At last week's Lisbon meeting, he slipped off his shoes, revealing bright green socks. Occasionally he sports suspenders decorated with small gold-plated elephants.

Luns appears to be in perfect physical condition, but he suffers from severe backaches, which he treats by strapping on a large brace that forces him to stand erect. He swims in the summer, usually from his houseboat tied up off the village of Rijpwetering. He regularly walks nearly a mile from his official residence to the Foreign Ministry in The Hague. He drinks very little ("It gives me a war in my stomach") and never anything stronger than wine. He leaves all dinners punctually at 10:30 unless "I want to show how much I enjoyed it." In that case, he stays until 10:35.

[®] The others: Britain's Lord Ismay (1952-57), Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak (1957-61), The Netherlands' Dirk Stikker (1961-64), Italy's Manlio Brosio (1964-71).

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1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.



1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



1964 A. J. Foyt, 147.350 m.p.h.



1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



1941 M. Rine, F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.



1955 Bob Swickert, 128.209 m.p.h.



1965 Jim Clark, 150.686 m.p.h.



1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.



1956 Phil Fothergill, 128.49 m.p.h.



1966 Graham Hill, 144.317 m.p.h.

†No races during the war years.



1971 WINNER

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Average Speed 157.735 m.p.h.

AGAIN AT INDY!

500 races for Firestone tires



1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.



1923 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.



1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.



1969 Mario Andretti, 156.967 m.p.h.



1924 L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.



1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



1948 Mauri Rose, 119.813 m.p.h.



1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.



1970 Al Unser, 155.749 m.p.h.



1925 Pete De Paulo, 101.13 m.p.h.



1935 Kelly Penick, 106.24 m.p.h.



1948 Bill Holland, 121.527 m.p.h.



1958 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.



1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.



1936 Louis Meyer, 109.96 m.p.h.



1950 Johnny Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.



1960 Jim Rathmann, 136.367 m.p.h.



1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.



1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.



1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



1981 A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.

Firestone

THE MILEAGE SPECIALIST

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ITALY Sounding the Alarm

They are not allowed to call themselves Fascists, to praise Mussolini in their propaganda, or to sing the old anthem, *Giovinezza*, at their rallies. But 26 years after *Il Duce* was killed and strung up by his heels in public disgrace, the neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (M.S.I.) has built a membership of 400,000 and is becoming a force to be reckoned with. As Italy plunges deeper and deeper into a turmoil of strikes and riots, many inspired by ultra-leftist forces, increasing numbers of people look to the party as a good place to cast their protest votes.

Founded in Rome in 1946, the party was never taken very seriously. Its greatest showing was in the 1953 parliamentary elections, when it won 5.8% of the total vote. Since the current wave of disturbances began in 1968, however, the M.S.I.'s stress on law-and-order has won it new respectability. Reinforcing that image is the party's leader, mild-mannered former journalist Giorgio Almirante, 55. A bona fide Fascist under Mussolini, whose picture hangs in the party's Rome headquarters, Almirante has prudently banned jackboots and black shirts for his followers. More in the mold of the old image of Fascist leaders is Retired General Giovanni de Lorenzo, former Army Chief of Staff. Now one of M.S.I.'s representatives in Parliament, he was accused, but later exonerated, of plotting a coup against the Aldo Moro government in 1964. Loosely associated with the M.S.I. are squads of youthful right-wing neo-Fascists, many of whom do wear black shirts. The bullyboys have taken on the far-left radicals with bombs, bicycle chains and commando-type tactics.

Signs of Worry. Next week, when 7,000,000 Italians go to the polls in local elections in Rome, Genoa, Sicily and other areas throughout the country, the M.S.I. is expected to be the beneficiary of a backlash vote in response to the rash of recent disorders. Not that the neo-Fascists are about to take over city hall—anywhere. Their hopes lie rather in gaining a majority to the Christian Democrats and their coalition partners, forcing the party instead to look to the right to form coalitions. The Christian Democrats insist that they will never team up with the M.S.I. But some members of the party, which has dominated Italian politics since 1945, suggest that M.S.I. gains might be a good thing—if only to shake Emilio Colombo's center-left coalition gov-

ernment out of its lethargy. Says Ugo La Malfa, leader of the small, slightly left Republican Party: "I see it as an alarm bell. Already the Christian Democrats are showing signs of worry and are changing their course toward greater seriousness and discipline in government. But this is happening rather late."

La Malfa was not exaggerating. Conditions in Italy today verge on chaos. In one week last month, Romans could not get married (city employees were on strike), bury their dead (gravediggers were out) or dispose of mountainous piles of garbage (sanitation men were not working). During the spring there were stoppages of mail, transportation, groceries, restaurants, bars, medical and hotel services and airlines. Newsmen, law clerks and thousands of municipal



NEO-FASCISTS CAMPAIGNING IN ROME
Bring on the kangaroos.

employees were among workers who went out. About 6,000,000 Italians participated in the nationwide general strike called on April 7. As Journalist Arrigo Levi put it: "People say that only priests and prostitutes have not as yet gone on strike."

The state-owned automobile firm of Alfa Romeo is a case in point. Last year it was affected by no fewer than 1,200 strikes. Some were general strikes, demanding better housing, health services and public transportation. There were sympathy strikes called to show solidarity with other striking workers and strikes over plant grievances. There was even a one-man walkout by a welder named Franco Salce, who proclaimed a lonely one-hour solidarity strike in sympathy with the citizens of Reggio Calabria, who were struggling to have their city named regional capital. Last year such strikes cost the country 156,187,000

working hours, and this year is not expected to show much improvement.

All of this has begun to tell on the nation's economy. After a quarter of a century of steady and often spectacular expansion, industrial production dropped by 2.3% during the first quarter of 1971. In his annual report last week, Guido Carli, governor of the Bank of Italy, spoke of "the first signs of recession" and stated flatly: "The Italian economy is hurting." Labor agitation at airports and hotels is also threatening Italy's biggest earner of foreign exchange—tourism. Hotel owners estimate cancellations of bookings by foreign tourists for the season at about 15%, and they place most of the blame on labor troubles.

Interminable Delays. The complaints of Italian workers, seeking to catch up to the standard of living long enjoyed by other European nations, are genuine enough. In Milan, long Italy's economic showcase, immigrants from impoverished Southern Italy have poured into the industrial mecca only to find themselves forced to live in dismal, crowded suburbs, commuting for four or five hours daily because of poor public transportation.

The ten-month-old coalition Cabinet headed by Premier Emilio Colombo has undertaken an impressive-looking program of reform. But more often than not, bills for better housing, health services and schools have been delayed interminably while parties in the coalition, and factions within each party, squabble in smoke-filled rooms, often watering down the measures. The slowness of reform has opened the door for extremists to stir up trouble. Militant leftists, who are split into about a hundred different groups, vow to destroy "the system," while neo-Fascists vow to destroy the leftists. Meanwhile the Communists, scorned by radical leftists as hopelessly Establishment, are promoting their own campaign for law-and-order.

Whichever way the coming elections go, it may be some time before the ordinary Italian can hope for an end to the country's long spell of disorder. Unreconstructed individualism has long been as fundamental to the Italian way of life as a bowl of pasta and a bottle of wine, but even that may have reached the saturation point. "Maybe I should sell out and move to Australia," mused a Milanese factory owner recently. "We have reached the point where I think the kangaroos would be easier to deal with."

FRANCE Send Them Back Alive

Lions may be a vanishing species in some African countries, but just 30 miles west of Paris Viscount Paul de La Panouse finds himself beset by too many of the beasts. La Panouse, 27, whose family coat of arms portrays—naturally—a lion, founded a wild-game park three years ago. On the spacious grounds around his family's Renaissance Château de Thoiry, he started out with a score of

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lions. Obviously French food and the sweeping savannas of the Ile-de-France region agreed with the animals. They proliferated so rapidly that the desperate viscount is now trying to export his surplus. To where? Where else? Africa.

West African Shortage. Today the 20 lions have multiplied to 57 adults and 45 cubs, with 25 more cubs en route. Laments La Panouse: "I have given away a lot of my surplus lions to European zoos. But now these zoos are breeding their own lions. Of course I could sell lion cubs for \$500 or \$600 apiece to itinerant photographers who exploit and mistreat them, or to publicity seekers as pets, but I'm dead set against that sort of thing." Instead La Panouse started a send-them-back-alive project, concentrating on West Africa, which just happens to be short of lions. One cub went to Dakar and two to Mauretania, as well as another to Madagascar. In December, La Panouse plans to ship a pride of twelve to Senegal's Niokolo Koba National Park.

The lions at Thoiry, meanwhile, have become so bored with the million visitors who come to see them each year, with tearing apart rubber tires supplied by the viscount or with hunting rabbits that the prides think of little more than their passions. "The lovemaking record is held by a lion who had 64 couplings in one day—with the same lioness," La Panouse claims. When an unassuming skeptical visitor asked, "Who counted?" the viscount replied, "One of the keepers. They don't have much to do all day long." Even if they are French cats, that kind of performance is still hard to believe. Somebody must be lion.

MIDDLE EAST

Just Ask the Sheikh

In a carefully coordinated move, the Soviet Union's two most prestigious newspapers last week delivered a one-two editorial punch against U.S. Middle East policy. *Pravda* accused Washington of attempting to drive a wedge between Egypt and Russia "to secure the kind of peaceful settlement under which the U.S., using Israel as a tool, could dictate its will to the Arab states." *Izvestia* followed by accusing the U.S. of seeking a Middle East solution "at the expense of the Arab countries." Coming only a week after Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny's flying visit to Cairo to sign a 15-year treaty of friendship, the message was clear: Moscow, determined to remain a force in the Arab world, has clearly been nettled by Washington's moves to gain a foothold by arranging a peace settlement.

The best possibility for peace at the moment seems to lie in an interim settlement that would involve reopening the Suez Canal. The chances of success, however, are particularly slim if the Russians decide to use their friendship treaty to provide additional arms to Egypt. In what was meant as a reciprocal warning to Moscow, President Nixon at his press conference last week said that such shipments "can only mean a new arms race and could greatly jeopardize the chances for peace."

Quiet Nonbelligerence. Washington was worried that the Russians might provide additional armaments so much to bolster the Egyptians as to panic Israel



SADAT FEEDING CEREMONIAL BONFIRE
Toward a clean new age.

into trying to wheedle additional arms out of the U.S., thereby throwing both the arms balance and the American peace effort out of kilter. Sure enough, in the wake of the treaty, Israeli Ambassador to Washington Yitzhak Rabin last week inquired into the status of an Israeli request for an additional \$500 million in economic aid and military

Should the U.N. Switch?

IN Geneva's leafy Ariana park, the Swiss government is building a \$15 million expansion of the Palais des Nations, the handsome colossus that was the tomb of the League of Nations and now serves as the United Nations' European headquarters. This activity on the part of the Swiss has raised once again an interesting question: Should the U.N. make Geneva or some other city its worldwide headquarters to escape from the grime and crime of Manhattan?

Recently, Washington's new U.N. Ambassador, George Bush, argued that at least an occasional trip away from the East River would be good for the U.N., which has been quartered in the New York area ever since it was founded. "If the General Assembly could meet in Africa, Latin America, Asia or in Paris, London, Geneva or for that matter any part of the world," he said, "it would in my view revitalize the organization."

The Bush proposal was clearly inspired by the White House, which is concerned about the U.N.'s sagging sense of purpose and relevance. But how do the delegates feel about the more drastic suggestion—that the U.N. pull its headquarters out of Manhattan altogether?

To find out, TIME polled the delegates in 116 of the U.N.'s 127 missions. In 39 of the missions, diplomats either declined to respond, had no opinion or could not be reached. By more than 2 to 1—the actual vote was 53 to 24

—the remainder preferred to maintain the locus quo. The delegates who favored a relocation grouped around predictably political lines. All but one of the eight Arab diplomats who responded to TIME's poll wanted out. Four of the five Communists who agreed to discuss the question also wanted to go.

Among the others, however, the vote ran heavily in favor of New York. Of 20 delegates from wealthy, white industrial countries, 16 were for staying and only four wanted to move. More surprising, most of the missions from the so-called Third World preferred Manhattan too. Of 28 African and Asian delegates who responded, 20 wanted to stay and only eight were ready to move. Among 16 Latin American and West Indian representatives, the pro-New York vote was a resounding 15 to 1.

Pros and antis agreed on one point: New York City is insufferably dirty, rude, crowded, expensive, unpleasant and even dangerous. Aside from the Communists and some Arab delegates who talk of moving to a more "neutral" country, those who would bail out want primarily to live in a less troubled place. Their preferences, in order: Geneva, San Francisco, Rome and even West Berlin. The stayers claim to like New York's cultural life and its unparalleled communications. One diplomat sighed, "We are just stuck here." That seemed to express a common worry: if the U.N. were to move away, the U.S.—which still picks up 31% of the organization's \$160 million-a-year expenses—would eventually lose interest in it altogether.



supplies. Washington has so far held back on approving the request. With some justification, Jerusalem fears that the U.S. might use aid as a lever to push Israel into a settlement with Egypt on terms less than satisfactory to Israel.

In fact, a more compelling reason for U.S. hesitation is that Washington is trying to determine how far Egyptian President Anwar Sadat is inclined—and able—to go in seeking peace. In a lengthy speech to the People's Assembly—known as the National Assembly until Sadat reconstituted it in the wake of an unsuccessful coup against him last month by members of his Cabinet—Egypt's President took a hard line on the U.S. effort. One superpower, he told the Assembly, "is an honorable friend that stands on our side in the darkest days. The other declares even today that it will guarantee the balance of power in favor of Israel." In private, Sadat appears less belligerent. Even after negotiating the friendship treaty with Podgorny, he quietly informed Washington that he is still interested in a settlement.

Spirited Sessions. To make peace, however, Sadat must be strong at home. So far, he appears to be firmly in control. Last week, in the courtyard of the Interior Ministry, Sadat joined loyal Cabinet members in a ceremonial bonfire. Trunkloads of magnetic tapes, on which former Presidential Affairs Minister Sami Sharaf and other plotters had recorded conversations and wiretaps, were hauled into the courtyard and set ablaze. Said Sadat: "People need peace of mind. The destruction of the tapes ushers in a clean new age, the age of the modern state."

Sadat is apparently determined to destroy his rivals with ridicule as well as prison sentences. *Al-Ahram* Editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal claimed in his weekly column that Sharaf, Interior Minister Sharaawi Gomaa and Defense Minister Mohammed Fawzi had even relied on the occult in their conspiracy against Sadat. Citing taped evidence, Heikal said that during one séance a university professor acted as their medium and consulted the spirit of a departed sheik named Abdul Rahim. Fawzi asked the spirit for a favorable date on which to attack Israel. Obviously mindful of the results of the Six-Day War, which broke out four years ago last week, the disembodied sheik would give only evasive answers.

BRITAIN

A Salary Fit for a Queen

"They're very good value. What do they cost? A penny a month, a day . . . ? You won't even be able to pee for that when decimals come in."

—The Duke of Bedford

The Duke of Bedford has been proved right. Public toilets cost a new British penny (2.4¢), but maintaining the monarchy costs each of Britain's 55 million citizens less than that a year. Still, the

value of the monarchy and how much it ought to cost was the hottest issue in Britain last week.

Regal Cheek. The controversy flared after an article by Richard Crossman, minister in the former Labor government and a member of the Queen's Privy Council, appeared in the *New Statesman*, a left-wing weekly. Headed "THE ROYAL TAX AVOIDERS," the article with uncommon bile lashed out at Queen Elizabeth for requesting an increase in the \$1,140,000 royal budget* while continuing to enjoy "a complex system of tax privileges and exemptions," many never fully disclosed, on her private fortune. "One has to admire her truly regal cheek," said the *New Statesman* article, questioning whether Britons ought to continue to maintain "the clutch of palaces, the powdered footmen, the racing stables and polo ponies, the fleets of luxury cars, the squadrons of aircraft and helicopters, the yachts, the elaborate apparatus of consumption at its most conspicuous level."

Crossman's *lèse-majesté* evoked a swift and stormy—but divided—response. The *Daily Mirror* polled its readers, then announced that they had given "a resounding 'no' to the Queen's pay claim." From Manchester a reader wrote: "If we can't afford free milk for our kiddies, we can't afford any increase to a very wealthy family." But Conservative M.P. Sir Stephen McCadden introduced a motion in the Commons deploring the *New Statesman* article. The *Times* editorially tut-tutted Crossman's "gratuitously offensive manner." The difficulty is that the royal bud-

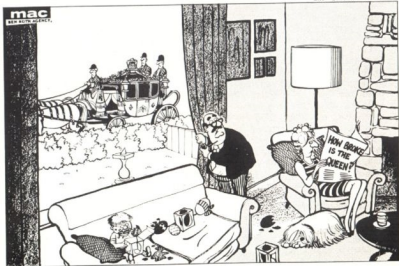
get, as presently constituted, is no longer able to support the Crown in the style to which it and its subjects have become accustomed. Of the overall \$1,140,000 allotted annually, \$444,000 goes for household salaries (319 full-time employees ranging from footmen to curators in the Royal Collections); \$292,320 for household expenses (five royal palaces—Buckingham, Windsor, St. James's, Kensington and Holyroodhouse—plus royal receptions and garden parties); \$31,680 for the Royal Bounty, a fund from which the Queen contributes to charity; plus a \$144,000 Privy Purse or salary from which she pays her personal expenses.

Wealthy Woman. The Queen did not propose how much the increase should be, but she did offer to forgo her \$144,000 Privy Purse in exchange for help on other royal expenses. The matter was discreetly referred to a 17-member Select Committee in the House of Commons. The Crossman article raised the question of just how rich the Queen of England is. Though Crossman "conservatively estimated" her fortune at \$120 million, no one really knows, and many place it much higher. Surely she is the wealthiest woman in Britain, and in all likelihood one of the half-dozen wealthiest in the world.

A substantial chunk of her riches lies in the Duchy of Lancaster, a 50,000-acre, dairy-rich collection of commercial properties that has belonged to sovereigns since 1399. The Duchy, on which the Queen pays property taxes but not income tax, produced a net income in 1969 of more than \$500,000. In addition, the Queen receives revenues from investments, inheritances and farming at Balmoral and Sandringham castles (the only two residences whose expenses the Queen meets from her private funds), and a string of race horses.

The Queen's pay increase is likely to come as much by further lifting of

* The 1971 U.S. presidential budget, by comparison, is estimated at \$11,344,000. This includes a taxable \$200,000 for presidential salary, \$50,000 (also taxable) for official expenses, \$8,336,000 for salaries and expenses of some 500 White House staffers, \$1,258,000 for operation of the White House and a special projects fund of \$1,500,000.



"Doris, that ad you put in the paper—woman wanted for a few hours' light cleaning" . . .

expenses from her shoulders as by increasing her allowance. In recent years, the government has assumed the cost of royal tours, upkeep of the royal train, and the Queen's postal bills, as well as about \$100,000 of the annual cost of state entertainment. Prince Philip, who receives a taxable annual stipend of \$96,000, has recently induced the Treasury to pick up the laundry and cleaning bills he runs up on state business. He has not yet had to give up polo or move his family into smaller premises, as he jestingly threatened a couple of years ago on NBC's *Meet the Press* when he said that the family was "going into the red."

To judge from the outcry that followed the *New Statesman's* article, Britons will continue to insist on picking up the tab for their monarchy. Crossman himself said: "I am strongly pro-monarchy. The Queen is good at her job—she is better value for the money than the Church of England—and should get the rate for it." Better that, he went on, than "a Copenhagen monarchy cycling around the streets."

HISTORICAL NOTES

A Lesson in Astigmatism

As dawn broke over the Himalayas one chilly morning in 1962, thousands of crack Chinese troops swarmed south through 14,500-foot-high passes along Tag La Ridge, a windswept rim along part of the disputed border between Tibet and northeastern India. At the same time, more Chinese forces sprang into action 900 miles to the west in another disputed area, the sere wasteland known as Aksai Chin, or Desert of White Stone.

In short order, India's shamefully ill-prepared troops were retreating at full tilt on both border fronts, the world's largest working democracy was paralyzed with shock and humiliation, and the Western world had new reason to fret about the Chinese menace. Indian Premier Jawaharlal Nehru, the great apostle of nonviolence, thundered that Communist China had proved itself "a wholly irresponsible country that does not care about peace." In the White House, John Kennedy quickly agreed to New Delhi's urgent request for U.S. arms. Explained Phillips Talbot, Kennedy's Assistant Secretary of State: "We are helping a friend whose attic has been entered by a burglar." Exactly 32 days later, the border crisis ended as abruptly as it began, when Peking declared a unilateral cease-fire.

Punitive Expedition. Had the burglar been frightened off? Not at all, according to Australian Journalist Neville Maxwell, the London *Times* correspondent in New Delhi from 1959 to 1967. In *India's China War*, published in the U.S. last month, Maxwell argues that the real felon in 1962 was not China but India. Though world opinion sided instinctively with New Delhi at the time,



INDIAN TROOPS NEAR THE DISPUTED AKSAI CHIN
From white hat to hardhat to disaster.

Maxwell argues that the Chinese attack was not an unprovoked act of aggression but "a giant punitive expedition" that India had brought on itself.

Since Mao Tse-tung established the People's Republic in 1949, Maxwell maintains, China has striven not to expand but to legitimize its borders. With barely a quibble, Peking negotiated border agreements accepting the postwar status quo with Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, Mongolia and Burma. The author believes that the Chinese were ready to settle the fuzzy frontier between India and Tibet in roughly the same way. But Nehru was supersensitive to charges from the Indian right that his policy of nonalignment meant "appeasement" of Communism. Gradually, Gandhi's white-capped protégé became a hardhat on the Tibetan border question; that meant siding with those who thought that India should press its extremely doubtful claim to Chinese-held Aksai Chin on India's northwest border and a stretch of the Himalayan foothills in the northeast.

Only Aksai Chin, which lay along the shortest route between China's Sinkiang province and Tibet, was really important to Peking; neither area meant much to India. In 1958, when an Indian patrol confirmed rumors that the Chinese had built a road across Aksai Chin, Nehru felt compelled to act. He reiterated angrily that India's borders were "not negotiable" and dispatched troops to the disputed areas with orders to establish Indian outposts and "clear out" the Chinese. Evidently, Maxwell says, Nehru believed that Peking was too

timid, weak or unconcerned to do much about the "forward policy," as it was known in New Delhi. Peking proved him tragically naive. In a matter of days the Chinese wiped out the 65 Indian outposts on the two fronts and drove as far as 45 miles into Indian territory; China never revealed its losses, but India's casualties were tragic: 3,968 troops were captured (and later repatriated), 1,383 were killed and 1,696 simply disappeared.

Loose Talk. Outside New Delhi, where one Indian critic relegated it to "the dunghill of propaganda," Maxwell's assessment is widely accepted. To Harvard Sinologist John K. Fairbank, the episode is "an object lesson in international astigmatism." At the very least, it questions the assumption that Peking is fundamentally reckless, belligerent and expansionist—the axiom that was used to justify the "containment" policy pursued by the U.S. in Asia for 20 years. In fact, serious China watchers have long regarded Peking as extremely cautious in its foreign policy decisions.

The border war illustrates another important Chinese characteristic: a deep psychological commitment to righting what Peking considers historical wrongs. The Sino-Soviet split developed partly because Moscow would not concede that borders had been forced on a weak, pre-Mao China in "unequal treaties." By the same token, Peking is unlikely to welcome a real rapprochement with the U.S. until its claim to Taiwan is settled. The Chinese obviously regard that as a far more vital and volatile issue than the Indian borders ever were.

PEOPLE

"Have you ever had a momentary temptation to murder anybody?" asked TV Inquisitor **David Frost**. Novelist **Truman Capote**, the author of *In Cold Blood*, boggled for a second or so, but then allowed that, yes, he had given serious thought to homicide "on at least four or five occasions." Prime object of his lethal impulse was British Critic **Kenneth Tynan**, whom Capote thought "despicable in every conceivable way," a judgment no doubt derived from a verbal bout over the merits of *In Cold Blood*. Pressed farther by the fascinated Frost, Capote explained, "Most people commit suicide because they can't kill the people who are tormenting them. Instead of bumping them off, they bump themselves off. Well, I'm not like that. I'm going to bump them off first."

Thanks to his vocal and vehement advocacy of civil rights for his fellow blacks, Georgia State Legislator **Julian Bond** has earned ten honorary degrees in the past three years. Not bad for a 1961 dropout from Atlanta's Morehouse College. Last week, though, after completing a long-overdue term paper on the crisis in education, Bond became a 31-year-old college graduate and happily collected the most prized degree of all: his own, a B.A. from Morehouse in English.

"My physical-fitness instructor tells me I have the legs of an athlete," said that paragon of peacockery, **Liberace**. Last week Lee was tickling his candlelit keys and twinkling his athletic knees in a wardrobe that even for flesh-fatigued Las Vegas seemed a bit much: red-white-and-blue hot pants. And jeweled shoes with matching socks. And a red-white-and-blue purse. Cost of the outfit: \$4,000,

LIBERACE

which, after all, is a mere pittance compared with the \$1,000,000 or so that the world's prettiest pianist has spent on clothes over the past twelve years.

"I've played the best players of the last two decades," said Tennis Pro Jacques Grigry, "and I've never played one with better form." Bystanders may have wondered exactly what Grigry meant; still, there was no question that Actress **Raquel Welch** showed signs of developing an athletic prowess that might well surpass her dramatic skill. Ducking a tenacious flock of reporters eager to hear about her recent split from Husband Patrick Curtis, Raquel took up tennis and even skiing, in which she moved from beginner to high-intermediate status in three days. Add roll-

TERRY O'NEILL



WELCH SERVING
Impressive muscle tone.

er skating (she plays a rink queen in her new movie) and moviedom's most spectacular body seems likely to retain its impressive muscle tone. Coach Grigry pointed out another reason why Raquel should excel at competitive sports. "She has a great advantage on the court," he says. "Distraction."

Greta Garbo as Pope Innocent III? Italian Movie Director **Franco Zeffirelli** considered her, thought **Charlie Chaplin** might also be suitable, ended up by picking **Laurence Olivier**, who was unavailable. "Olivier couldn't do it, so they asked me," said his modest replacement, Actor **Alec Guinness**, who was in Italy filming a confrontation scene between Pope Innocent and St. Francis of Assisi for *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*. Zeffirelli's cinematic treatment of the saint's life. "Religion is still an important factor for



GUINNESS AS POPE INNOCENT III
Modest replacement.

the young," mused Sir Alec, a Catholic himself. "Only difference is that in the past, religion was a sort of disciplined thinking. Now the young don't even know what the word discipline means."

The divorce of pioneer Heart Surgeon **Christian Barnard**, 48, from his first wife Louwtjie, 47, was not exactly friendly. Louwtjie simmered while he married a younger, wealthier woman, but she publicly branded her ex-husband a liar when his memoirs appeared with some unflattering comments on their 21 years together. Now Barnard has announced that he has written a new book, *Heart Attack*, aimed at "helping the heart sufferer toward a better comprehension of his disease." Simultaneously, Louwtjie announced that she, too, has written a study of heart problems—though ones not necessarily connected with vascular stress. "It's a message of hope to all the women in the world who find themselves in a similar position to mine," she said of her forthcoming autobiography. The title: *Heart Break*.

What's in a name? To Muslims, a great deal. Hence another exotic moniker for sports fans to stumble over: **Kareem Abdul Jabbar**, the impressive appellation by which 7-ft. 2-in. Basketball Star **Lawrence "Duke" Lewis** wishes to be known henceforth. Jabbar, a convert from Roman Catholicism, is not a Black Muslim like Boxer Muhammad Ali, but a member of Islam's orthodox Sunni sect. As for his new name, he explained to a press conference that Kareem means "noble" or "generous"; Abdul, "servant of Allah"; Jabbar, "powerful." Jabbar, who left on a three-week tour of Africa with his bride of one week, added that he did not expect the N.B.A. Milwaukee Bucks to give up his old name immediately "because I've become famous with it."



WHAT TWA DID FOR COACH...

Last Fall TWA introduced Ambassador Service, a whole new way to fly for the coach passenger.

There's the new Twin Seat. If the plane's not crowded, it can be three across, two across or even a couch.

You'll find a choice of three international meals. With wines,

champagnes and liqueurs from around the world.

You'll find 8 channels of stereo music, humor and news!

You'll find new carpets, new colors, new fabrics, new hostess uniforms, new everything.

The only problem was, first class started to look dull by comparison, so...



TWA NOW DOES FOR 1ST CLASS.

...we took out those old overstuffed first class seats.

And put in all new overstuffed first class seats.

We put in a choice of five meals, the best you'll find on any airline, anywhere.

And after dinner settle back with our 8 channels of stereo music, humor and news!

And on top of this (and below it and all around it) you'll find new colors, new carpets, new fabrics, new everything.

Next time you're flying to *Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, or Las Vegas* take a TWA 707 or 747 Ambassador Flight.

Coach or first class, nobody else gives you anything like it.



1. Alcoholic beverages available at nominal cost in coach. 2. Entertainment available only on Los Angeles and San Francisco flights. Ambassador Service only on select Las Vegas flights.

Ambassador Service is a service mark owned exclusively by TWA

For Sale: "Water factories" that



Water after metalworking plant got through
using it. Unretouched.

clean up polluted water. Over 30 being built now.

The black gook is water after a large metalworking plant got through using it.

On this page, you see how the metalworking plant cleans up the gook. (Actual samples, the real thing.)

They clean it up with a Westinghouse-equipped water factory that removes oil, gasoline, acid, paint, cleaners, sewage and other things.

The water returns to the stream—3,000 gallons a minute—crystal clear. Almost drinking water quality, it's better than the water upstream from the plant.

This is one of many. Westinghouse water factories are cleaning up polluted

water from paper mills, oil refineries, chemical plants, food processing plants and city sewers.

(At the other end of the scale, they take water from polluted streams and treat it to bring it up to drinking water purity.)

For some water factories, we supply the water purifying equipment—fifty different kinds. Others, we build from the concrete foundations up.

Your water next? Call or write Water Quality Control Division, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222 (412 255-5632).



One corner of a typical Westinghouse water factory.

You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse



Water from same metalworking plant after Westinghouse water factory cleaned it up. Unretouched. (Samples shown slightly larger than actual size.)



Isn't it time you had a watch that does more for you than you do for it?

Take a good look at that watch on your wrist. Chances are, it needs a lot of help from you. And, if you're a good guy, you give it what it needs.

Once every day, like clockwork, you have to wind it. You try to protect it from the hard knocks of the world. And you *never* let it get wet.

And what do *you* get? The right time?

We don't think that's a fair return.

The Bulova Clipper "AG," one of a whole series of precision watches, asks not what *you* can do for *it*.

It winds itself. It's shock resistant. And it will give you the right time. Even under water. (Because it's water resistant.) Even at night. (Because it's luminous.)

And it doesn't stop *there*.

It also reminds you of that anniversary you swore you'd never forget. (In fact, it never lets you forget *any* important day.) Because it automatically shows you the day and date.

With all the things you have to take care of, wouldn't it be a nice change to have a watch that takes care of *you*?

Clipper "AG," \$85. Other automatic date and day models from \$70. Available at fine jewelry and department stores. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.

Bulova Date and Day Watches.

These days the right time isn't enough.





ROCHESTER RIOT CONTROL: NONVIOLENCE?

Redefining Violence

Webster's definition of violence is clear: the "exertion of physical force so as to injure or abuse." But a recent survey by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research suggests that vast numbers of Americans use the word differently.

For the study, the institute used a sampling of 1,374 black and white men chosen to represent the U.S. male population. They were asked whether certain actions are violent in themselves—not merely violence provoking. More than half (57%) decided that the shooting of looters is not a violent act. Nearly a third regarded the beating of students as equally nonviolent. By contrast, 22% looked upon passive sit-ins as acts of violence, along with such actions as draft-card burning (58%) and looting (85%).

The I.S.R. survey also found that 65% of those questioned were much worried about growing violence in the U.S. Asked to describe its source, 68% mentioned civil disorder and protest; only 27% spoke of crime. To most of those interviewed, the word violence

meant acts against property, not people.

The notion that violence is determined not by acts but by political ends tended to range partisans of violence in the name of law-and-order on one side and advocates of violence for social change on the other. Since a large number of those questioned believe that violence, however defined, may be necessary—and even useful—the report is depressing. It points out, though, that a majority assume that the cause of violence lies in social problems. Perhaps more encouraging, the study did not support a widespread notion that students are admirers of violent action. Instead, the most highly educated men were the strongest opponents of violence either for law enforcement or for social change.

What Makes Children

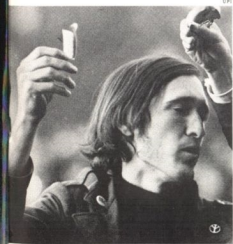
The Way They Are

At four months Clem screamed whenever he was bathed, and at six months he invariably yelled at the sight of a spoon nearing his mouth. When he was two years old he screeched while being dressed, and at seven he shrieked for half an hour after failing to hit a ball as far as he wanted to. Yet he was not sick, retarded, psychotic or even the victim of mishandling by his mother. He was simply what used to be known as a difficult child, and chances are that he was born that way. So, at least, believe Psychiatrists Alexander Thomas and Stella Chess, of the New York University School of Medicine, and Pediatrician Herbert Birch, of Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

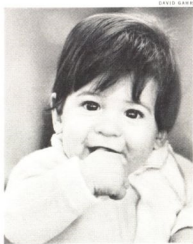
After 15 years of research, the three doctors conclude that most babies can be placed in one of three categories that mothers were using long before child psychology became popular: difficult, slow-to-warm-up or easy. Like Clem, all difficult infants (about one in ten) react intensely to everything: instead of soft crying, an enraged howl; instead of quiet chuckles, uncontrolled laughter, sometimes ending in a paroxysm of hiccups. Eating and sleeping

schedules are irregular, and everything new requires long periods of difficult adjustment. Easy children—the most numerous category—are regular in habit, sunny in mood, quick to adapt. And the slow-to-warm-ups are just that: not very active at first, rather negative in mood, and likely to back off from new situations.

Thomas and his colleagues are not yet sure what creates the characteristics, but much evidence suggests that the differences are largely inborn. One argument for this view, they say, is that temperament appears very early, before environment has had much effect. Similar child-rearing approaches do not seem to produce similar children either: one laissez-faire mother may find herself with a difficult child; another, equally permissive, may have an easy offspring. Moreover, family disorganization leads to very mixed emotional problems among the very young. Whatever its origins, temperament needs to be understood early, the investigators believe. Identifying a child's customary response keeps parents from blaming themselves for troublesome behavior and helps them develop appropriate ways of handling a child. Firmness, for example, can save a difficult baby from becoming a tyrannical adult. Most important, in an age overafflicted by clinical pigeonholing, an understanding of temperament prevents parents—and teachers—from imagining that some deep intellectual or psychological disturbance underlies every home and school difficulty. By way of illustration, the doctors cite the case of Annie, a slow-to-warm-up child of seven who at first did poorly in an accelerated school program. She was quiet, never volunteered and often made mistakes. But her mother, aware that this was Annie's normal reaction to new situations, protested a teacher recommendation to return the child to a regular class. Handled patiently, said her mother, Annie would eventually do superior work—and she did.



DRAFT-CARD BURNING: VIOLENCE?



A BEAMING "EASY" BABY

You pay a lot of
money for the seat belts
and shoulder harnesses in your car.

How much more
are you willing to pay?



One picture is worth a thousand words. Buckle your seat belt and harness.

We listen. Many of the letters we get relate to auto safety. People are concerned about auto safety. And their concern is fully justified.

Last year alone, 6,500 Americans never got where they were going—and never drove anywhere else again—simply because they didn't use the seat belts and shoulder harnesses they paid for in their automobile. And it's a fact 2 out of 3 drivers don't use seat belts.

That's some waste. Because safety belts, used or not, cost cold hard cash. The bill in unused equipment is several hundred million dollars a year. The cost in human life is immeasurable.

We'd like to discuss several other facts about auto safety with you. We're not trying to "sell" anything, or shift any blame.

All we want to do is clarify several misconceptions.

Misconception number one is the belief that the auto industry really doesn't care about safety—that we only made our cars safer when we were pressured into it by the government.

The fact of the matter is, Ford Motor Company promoted auto safety 15 years ago. The venture was a flop.

Back in 1956, we offered the industry's first safety package. It contained the first concave steering wheel. The first padded sun visors. A padded dash. And the first factory-installed seat belts.

No one got terribly excited about it. Apparently people didn't care about auto safety in those days.

So much for history.

Today, we have a simple motive for building safer cars. And it isn't duress from Washington.

Ford learned sometime ago that if you're going to sell a product, you'd better listen to the people you're trying to sell it to.

And we've learned that the car we market in this age had better be as safe as possible or you won't buy it. And if you don't buy, we don't eat.

But that doesn't mean cars can't be made even safer. They can. In fact, thousands of our engineers and technicians spend countless hours devising ways of improving the safety of Ford products.

A lot of people won't like it. It's called the Buckle-Start System. When it's installed, you must have your seat belt fastened or the car won't start.



With Buckle-Start, you must fasten your belts, or the car won't start.

THE AIR BAG ISSUE

An extreme measure, yes. But the probable alternative at the moment is the controversial air bag system. We don't believe it's the cure-all some people think. In its present state, the air bag is a costly, complicated device that, on impact, balloons suddenly between the passenger and the dashboard. Frankly, its reliability has a long way to go to satisfy Ford Motor Company.

The truth is, neither extreme would be under consideration if people would only use the belts and should-

Donald L. Rosenbery
4811-E Tenth & Country Blvd.
Ellicott City, Maryland
21043
January 13, 1971

Ford Motor Company (144000)
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Group 1 (n = 10)

On Sunday, January 30th, I was very much impressed by your television commercial in which the efforts Ford is making to produce safer cars was presented. Furthermore, in my opinion the commercial saved a life.

I was like many drivers who did not see the time to use seatbelts. Because I was so impressed with your commercial, I wrote my neighbor on Monday, January 28th. As fate would have it, I was involved in an accident, I was hit broadside, and the Plymouth I was driving was propelled 30 feet and spun 180 degrees. And I am now wearing my seatbelt. I feel certain that the accident would have been fatal.

I thank you more than mere words can express for saving my life. Also, I would appreciate any and all information.

der harnesses that are in their cars right now. Unfortunately, as we indicated, most people don't. In fact,

LIFEGUARD DESIGN SAFETY FEATURES

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Dual Hydraulic Brake System with warning light. • Glare-reduced instrument panel and windshield pillars. • Energy-absorbing steering column and steering wheel. • Safety-designed armrests and door handles. • Front and rear lap belts for all seating positions. • Shoulder belts. • Turn indicators with lane-changing feature. • Inside view-way rearview mirror. • Energy-absorbing instrument panel with padding. • Padded sun visors. • Locking steering column with warning buzzer. • Two-speed or variable speed windshield wipers. • Windshield washers. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • High strength laminate safety glass windshield. • Double-safety door latch and safety hinges. • Emergency flashing, backup lights and side marker lights. • Energy-absorbing front seat back tops. • Self-locking from seat controls on two-door vehicles. • Safety-designed radio control knobs and push buttons. • Outside rear view mirror, driver's side. • Safety rim wheels and load-rated tires. • Corrosion-resistant body. • Parking lamps coupled with headlamps. • Head restraints or high back seats. • Safety design from end structure. • Uniform transmission shift quadrant. |
|--|--|

WHAT WE'RE DOING

the National Safety Council estimates that only about 4 percent use shoulder harnesses.

In fact, there are dozens of safety features built into every 1971 Ford product. Everything from tougher brake lines to energy-absorbing front ends. Note the chart.

Some improvements we've "borrowed." Many of our products, for example, have side guard rails in the doors. Granted, General Motors introduced the idea. But we developed our own version because the idea was too good not to use.

Another noteworthy feature is Tot-Guard, a car seat for children that's been acclaimed by safety research analysts as the safest seat of its kind ever offered.



The safest kiddie seat in the country is being ignored by most buyers.

No, it isn't free. The price is about 25 dollars. But that's a very small price when you consider the protection it affords.

Unfortunately, however, all the safety features in the world can't help an unsafe driver. And last year, the use of alcohol was involved in more than 25,000 traffic fatalities.

If you drink and drive, there isn't much Ford Motor Company can do for you. The same goes if you speed, or drive on bald tires, or vote against highway improvement, or fail to have your car safety inspected. (And did you know there are still 11 states that have no form of vehicle inspection, at all?)

Indeed, cars can be made safer.
They will be made safer.

But the total safety problem can only be solved with your help.

You're the driver.

You're the passenger.

You're the voter.

You're the customer.

WRITE US

But so much for our point of view.

We'd like to hear yours. Send us your likes, dislikes, wants, needs, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered and answered.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT TSA
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN 48121

Do write us. We listen. And we listen better.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

EDUCATION

Austerity on the Campus

At commencement time a year ago, U.S. campuses throbbed with antiwar protests, the trauma of student killings at Kent State and Jackson State. In 1971, the year-end mood is dramatically different. While seniors chase scarce jobs, the campuses face a mounting financial crisis that may change the shape of U.S. higher education. At the same time, student activists are switching from radical protest to privatism, piety and politics. After examining such trends across the country, TIME National Education Correspondent Gregory H. Wierzynski sent this report:

Rising costs now squeeze everyone from chancellor to freshman, at every place from mighty Harvard to lowly Podunk. Because many universities had grown fat and pampered, the first effects of the new austerity have been largely positive. Grandiose construction plans, harebrained experiments and trivial research—all these are being shelved or abolished. But only so much efficiency can be wrung out of a basically inefficient system without altering its nature.

Lacking funds to expand this spring, the University of Utah's medical school had room for only 100 of its 1,400 applicants. Throughout the nine-campus University of California, the headlong growth of the past decade is slackening. Berkeley alone is dropping more than 150 faculty jobs. To save \$25,000 this summer, the University of Kansas is leaving its broad lawns uncut. Private campuses are in the worst trouble. A number of small ones are closing down, and others are merging with public institutions. This is the last school year, for example, for Illinois' Monticello College and Nebraska's John J. Pershing

College. Even well-heeled Ivy League schools are hiring fewer teachers than in the past. To make better use of its faculty and plant, Dartmouth may soon introduce a twelve-month school year with staggered vacations.

Subversive Sanctuaries. Fueled by rising enrollment as well as by inflation, U.S. education's demand for more money has grown faster in recent years than anything except the soaring cost of welfare. Even the proliferation of two-year community colleges has hurt universities: the upper-level institutions get more transfer and graduate students, who cost far more to educate than freshmen and sophomores. No quick solution is in sight. To expand lecture classes, many of them too big already, saves money but sacrifices learning. Raising tuition (now almost \$5,000 a year at some elite schools) creates another problem: how to increase scholarships for needy students.

Meantime, legislators have grown reluctant to bail out campuses with more tax money. Irrked voters have demoted academe from its once-exalted place in the U.S. pantheon. Some view colleges as subversive sanctuaries—or perhaps sanatoriums—for a privileged caste of professors and long-haired scoffers at cherished values. Worse, a college education no longer guarantees a job, or even the ability to keep abreast of rapid technological changes.

Challenge and Response. The result is what Sociologist David Riesman calls a new "academic depression"—mental as well as monetary—throughout higher education. Even so, many campuses are responding in ways that could produce academic prosperity of a new and better kind. Discarding their costly dreams of becoming mini-Yales or Berkeleys, neighboring colleges have begun pooling

their resources and eliminating duplicate facilities. By sending their students to each school's best departments, the neighbors can specialize and create a kind of mutual university. Nearly 500 colleges now offer work-study programs, alternating terms off and on campus, that make higher education more "relevant" and allow colleges to enroll more paying students. New proposals for easing lockstep degree requirements include giving bachelor's degrees in three years, law degrees in two. Curriculum reform is in full swing, with fewer required courses and more independent, off-campus projects aimed at capitalizing on the current student generation's new attitudes toward learning.

The emerging problem is whether such reforms can excite students who do not want to go to college in the first place. To Berkeley Sociologist Martin Trow, who urges his own teen-age son to take a couple of years off before college, the future of education rests on the notion of voluntarism. In his view, universities should be open to any qualified person who wants and needs to study, regardless of age. "We should throw some of the kids out and bring in some of the unemployed aerospace people," Trow says. To make this possible, he suggests financial incentives like a G.I. bill for laid-off engineers.

Such ideas are echoed all over the nation. In the California state-college system, for example, Chancellor Glenn Dumke is proposing that the next new campus allow a student to stop any time, to get a certificate attesting to his achievement and resume his education at will. The State University of New York is opening a new college that will permit some students to graduate if they simply pass final exams.

Whatever the academic future, the best campus news this year is that students and administrators are no longer fighting at every turn. To be sure, mild

POTTERY CLASS AT UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



PEACE SYMBOLS AT COLUMBIA COMMENCEMENT



When we started training our cabin crews the aeroplane wasn't invented.

Britain is a small island. With a lot of people. And the British have learned over many centuries how to live in harmony with that fact. To help. Not hinder. To smile. Not scowl. To be civilized. Not selfish.

It's the way the British are. The way they're brought up. And the way they run their airline. BOAC. British Overseas Airways.

It's the first thing you notice when you step aboard a BOAC jet in the U.S. bound for Britain. Everything done with an unmistakable British accent. The way you are made to feel relaxed, important, and cared for. The way the Chief Steward and his cabin crew anticipate what you're thinking even before you've had a chance to ask for it.

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"Different companies use their banks in different ways."

"At Beckley-Cardy, most of our financial problems are fairly routine. We're not looking for help with problems that we can—and ought to—solve by ourselves."

"So we don't go to our bank for advice and counsel unless the problem is really a tough one."

"Of course that puts the bank on the spot. But if the people there are good, they'll come through for you."

"For example, not long ago, we received a documented order for some school equipment from a firm in Africa."

"That's not something that happens every day so I decided to double-check with George Barr, our commercial officer, at Continental Bank."

"The same day, George was back to us with a warning. His international specialists told us that even though the order was backed by the company's government, there was a good chance the shipment would be left stranded on the docks with salvage prices the only alternative. He told us to insist on a letter of credit. That warning may have saved us \$175,000."

"It's the same for other unusual problems. When we decided to build a new plant in Tennessee, I called George for help with the financing plan. He works with us on cash flow problems, acquisitions, and corporate fund investment."

"Whatever it is, I just call George and he gets me what I need—a bank commitment, a special service, or some useful information."

"Not every company wants to use its bank the same way, of course. But it seems to me, after years of working with Continental men like George Barr, that their bank has the flexibility and resources to work with any company."

The speaker: Joseph C. Sindelar, President, Beckley-Cardy Co.

At Continental Bank, the commercial officers strive to give maximum personal service to their companies.

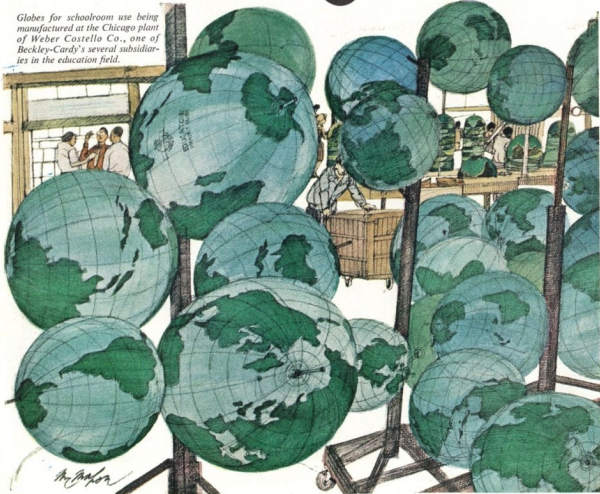
Companies like Beckley-Cardy. Companies that intend to grow and move ahead.

If that sounds like your company, you can investigate the advantages of a Continental Bank relationship by calling George Barr, Second Vice President, at 312/828-8167.



CONTINENTAL BANK

Globes for schoolroom use being manufactured at the Chicago plant of Weber Costello Co., one of Beckley-Cardy's several subsidiaries in the education field.



remnants of last June's protest-punctuated commencements can still be found. At Colgate last week, Secretary of State William P. Rogers, an alumnus, delivered the address—and then watched as the valedictorian called a roll of 175 seniors (36% of the class) who had pledged not to fight in Viet Nam.


Women and Homosexuals. But the fire has gone out of most big issues: racism, repression, poverty and, to some extent, ecology. On some campuses, the most vibrant issue now is the "liberation" of women and homosexuals. Students are withdrawing into their private lives and channeling their energies into a tremendous upsurge of music, dance, theater, painting, crafts and poetry. Many collegians are newly engrossed in religion—from revivalist prayer sessions to formal studies in theology.

Although there are distressing signs of apathy among many students, a cooler activism is taking hold among those who reason that such problems as pollution and racial discrimination can be solved only by old-fashioned political pressure. Student concerns may be increasingly represented in state legislatures and court actions by Nader-like lobbies. The Minnesota Public Interest Research Group, for example, is financed by student fees at campuses across the state. It will go to work this fall with a full-time professional staff of ten to 15 lawyers and scientists—plus a budget of \$212,000.

It is often said that the young either ignore elections or vote the same way as their parents. My hunch is that this axiom is no longer good, at least among collegians. Almost every student I talked to this spring said that he and his friends were more liberal than their parents, and they intended to vote in 1972 if at all possible. The sluggish progress of states toward ratifying the constitutional amendment giving 18-year-olds the vote, coupled with disputed residency rules, may keep many from voting in near-campus elections. Still, hundreds are interviewing candidates and canvassing local voters. Among current presidential prospects, Nixon is mistrusted at best, loathed at worst. Though admired for his antiviral position, McGovern is shrugged off as an uninspiring one-issue candidate. McCarthy is viewed more as a historical figure than a live possibility. Only Ted Kennedy evokes a lively response.

Contemplation and Search. The freshmen who are now becoming sophomores are described by academics all over the country as the quietest class in years. In part, they have seen it all in high school; in part, the economic downturn pressures them to do well academically in order to justify their family's investment and later get a good job. Some of today's freshmen seem less susceptible to peer-group pressure than their predecessors.

In sum, U.S. campuses are returning to a kind of normality. Students now have a new chance for self-searching



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contact lens
solution
wets, cleans, soaks
and stores.**

Imagine. Only one.

It's Lensine. The single bottle that does everything. All the wetting, cleaning, and soaking solutions you need are combined into a unique single solution. And a case for soaking and storing comes attached to every bottle. It's a combination that's pretty unbeatable. Like having a contact lens kit that you can hold in one hand. A complete contact lens care kit in one little blue bottle. Imagine.

Fresh
soak-and-store case
comes with every bottle.

For a lens case and sample size of Lensine, write to: Murine, 660 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Include 25¢ for handling.

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Seagram's Benchmark. It'll make you think twice about your favorite Bourbon.

There's something different in Benchmark.
Something that's tough to find nowadays.
Craftsmanship.

Coopers and tasters and scientists who think
of work not as work, but as an art. Craftsmen who keep
at a task, painstakingly, until they get just what they
want. Something to be proud of.

Altogether, it's enough to give you second thoughts
about the Bourbon you thought was your favorite.

Benchmark. Seagram's Premium Bourbon.
"Measure your Bourbon against it."



SEAGRAM'S BENCHMARK KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 66 PROOF, JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

and intellectual achievement. The problem is whether colleges can provide that opportunity for more students and yet spend less money. The situation calls for a rare ingenuity that could sharply improve U.S. higher education.

KUDOS: Round 2

AMHERST COLLEGE

Eugene S. Wilson, L.H.D., Amherst's retiring dean of admissions and long the nation's top scholar of that art.

BARRINGTON COLLEGE

John H. Chafee, D.P.S., Secretary of the Navy.

CENTENARY COLLEGE

Howard K. Smith, L.L.D., TV newscaster—anchor man. *Intelligent dedication to reason, truth, justice and freedom is infinitely more convincing than preening postures of passion.*

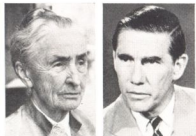
COLGATE UNIVERSITY

Andrew Cordier, D.C.L., former president of Columbia University.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Matthew Meselson, Sc.D., molecular biologist, Harvard professor and opponent of biological warfare. *As a founder of modern genetics and social conscience for those who advance scientific knowledge, you have demonstrated the power of sustained effort to assure that the science of life does not cause death or destruction anywhere on the globe.*

Georgia O'Keeffe, L.H.D., painter. *Like the desert plants you paint, you flourish in hardy surroundings, irrigating ap-*



O'KEEFE

HEARD

parently barren territory with visionary insight. You have shown that great gifts can be tough and womanly, lyrical and enduring.

Claude Levi-Strauss, L.H.D., social anthropologist and author. *You have codified the operational laws of an unconscious that is more social than that of Freud, more imaginative than that of Marx, and that is innate in all men and makes all cultures kin.*

DENISON UNIVERSITY

Eudora Welty, D.Litt., author.
Sidney Percy Marland Jr., L.H.D., U.S. Commissioner of Education.

DUKE UNIVERSITY

Elizabeth Koontz, L.L.D., director of the women's bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, former president

of the National Education Association.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

Alexander Heard, LL.D., chancellor of Vanderbilt University and White House adviser on campus unrest.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE

Pauline Frederick Robbins, L.H.D., United Nations correspondent for NBC News. *She represents no nation but speaks for the world of concerned citizens. It has been a "love story" in which the partners have never had to say they were sorry.*

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

Mahalia Jackson, D.Mus., gospel singer. Mina S. Rees, L.H.D., president of the



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Fritz A. Lipmann, Sc.D., biochemist and Nobel laureate in medicine.

ST. BONAVENTURE UNIVERSITY

Leslie Townes ("Bob") Hope, LL.D., entertainer and world traveler. Dolores Reade Hope, L.H.D., wife, mother and community leader.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY

Ruth Marie Adams, L.H.D., president of Wellesley College. Robert J. Manning, L.H.D., editor in chief, *The Atlantic*.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

Walter J. Hickel, LL.D., former Secretary of the Interior.

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UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Seiji Ozawa, D.F.A., conductor of the San Francisco Symphony. *Maker of loveliness in a soiled universe . . . without him we would be more fearful of a future without a song.*

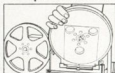
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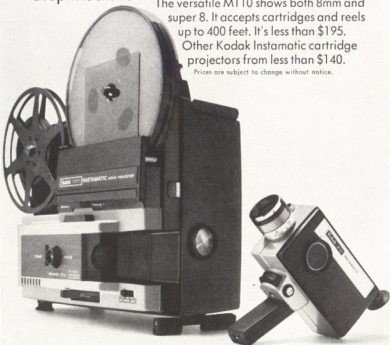
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RELIGION

Death of a Christian Realist

In the decade before World War II, liberal Protestant theology in the U.S. had become a stagnant residue of the social gospel. There was an uncritical assumption that the sins of society would be inevitably overcome with education and religious good will; the concept of individual sin was formally acknowledged but widely ignored as a potentially meaningful element in normal life.

Into this comforting, wan world of theological thought came Reinhold Niebuhr, loosing the sobering wind of "Christian realism." Original sin stemming from Adam's fall was to be taken seriously but not literally, said Niebuhr. Man's great sin was willful pride, a universally "entrenched predatory self-interest" that exists in everyone, "benevolent or not." To ignore this basic reality—and man's need to struggle constantly against it—could only lead to moral and political confusion. The individual, Niebuhr contended, cannot excuse his immoral actions by "attributing them to the actions of others, even though there has been a strong inclination to do so since Adam excused himself by the words: 'The woman gave me the apple.'"

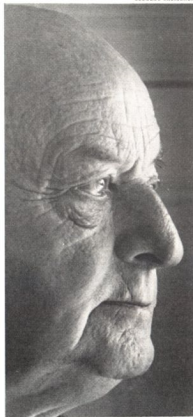
Niebuhr's theology was often called an American version of Karl Barth's neo-orthodoxy, but Niebuhr was very much an American original. He himself criticized Barth for being too controlled by the Bible and so far above the social tumult that he fostered "eschatological irresponsibility." For the past four decades, Niebuhr has been preeminent in his field, the greatest Protestant theologian born in America since Jonathan Edwards. Last week Niebuhr died at 78 in Stockbridge, Mass., the same town where Edwards once lived in exile—banished for his too-demanding theology. The funeral was held in the church where Edwards had preached.

Free Spirit. Niebuhr left behind him not only a heritage of theological realism but a career of political involvement almost unique in his profession. He insisted that man is the image of God not merely as a creature but as a morally responsible free spirit. Nevertheless, Niebuhr was not sanguine about the effectiveness of individual self-improvement; the acknowledgment of man's inevitable self-pride, he believed, should lead neither to despair nor to unproductive popular preachments about "positive thinking." The cross of Christ, he said, shows that "God's mercy must make itself known in history, so that man in history may become fully conscious of his guilt and his redemption." Though choices in a sinful society are morally ambiguous, a sensible effort must be made to balance conflicting, selfish powers.

Niebuhr's fresh, demanding analysis brought theological ethics into the midst

of the secular arena, influencing the pragmatic liberalism of many prominent Americans, including George Kennan, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and James Reston. Niebuhr was a prime mover in Americans for Democratic Action and New York's Liberal Party. His political biography reads like a history of the left in his time: socialist disillusionment with capitalism, then with Marxism; pacifism, later abandoned during the rise of American isolationism and European fascism in the 1930s; cold war strategy

CLEMENT KALISCHER



REINHOLD NIEBUHR
A step ahead of history.

to counter Communist expansion, followed by apprehensions about U.S. power.

Niebuhr was often a step ahead of history. In 1932, he advised Negroes to organize Gandhian campaigns of nonviolent coercion rather than count on white benevolence. He first protested military involvement in Viet Nam when John F. Kennedy was President.

Niebuhr was a preacher's kid from Missouri who said that he got into Yale Divinity School because they were hard up for students; his degree was from Elmhurst (Ill.) College, a small, then unaccredited school run by his Lutheran denomination, the Evangelical Synod of North America, now part of

the United Church of Christ. "I desired relevance rather than scholarship," he recalled and, rather than earn a doctorate, he plunged into an industrial parish in Detroit. His 13 years as pastor there honed his moral passion. After visiting a sick, unemployed Ford worker in 1927, he wrote bitterly: "What a civilization this! Naïve gentlemen with a genius for mechanics suddenly become arbiters over the lives and fortunes of hundreds of thousands."

Golden Age. In 1928, the tall, balding pastor began a 32-year teaching career at Union Theological Seminary in New York; his presence helped make that period Union's golden age. In 1930, he ran unsuccessfully for Congress on the Socialist ticket; a year later, he married one of his students, a bright, elegant Briton.^{*} They had two children, a son and a daughter.

Before World War II, Niebuhr seemed almost singlehandedly to goad idealistic Protestants into supporting the imminent war against Nazism; he founded the journal *Christianity and Crisis* to promote his views. Once that war ended, it was the growing power of the Soviet bloc that worried him. Communism was "cruel and fanatical," he wrote, because of its illusion that private property caused the sins of man and any means was justifiable to eradicate it.

During his active years, Niebuhr was a 17-hour-a-day dynamo who kept students breathless with rapid, challenging lectures and intense conversations in his unostentatious, book-lined office in the seminary tower. He lived a disciplined, mildly ascetic life and produced 17 major books, plus a torrent of trenchant speeches and articles—often turned out at the last minute. Generous but no word mincer, Niebuhr called pacifists "parasites," death-of-God theologians "infants," and White House religious services "complacent conformity." In 1952, he had a heart attack, the first of several physical ailments that slowed but did not stop his activity.

Liberal Drift. "People always wonder about people of faith—whether they live it," remarks Niebuhr Biographer June Bingham. "The last 20 years of his life were years of severe pain. He bore them with grace and humor." In those same years a younger generation of Protestant liberals was drifting away from Niebuhr's concept of constantly contending self-interest to revolutionary, third-world romanticism. He had decried "a too-simple social radicalism [that] does not recognize how quickly the poor, the weak, the despised of yesterday may, on gaining a social victory over their detractors, exhibit the same arrogance." It was a comment typical of his hard-headed, pragmatic realism in human

^{*} Ursula Niebuhr later became head of Barnard College's religion department. The Niebuhr teaching dynasty also included his late brother, eminent Yale ethicist H. Richard Niebuhr, his late sister, Hulda, who taught education at McCormick Seminary; and his nephew, Harvard Theologian Richard Reinhold Niebuhr.

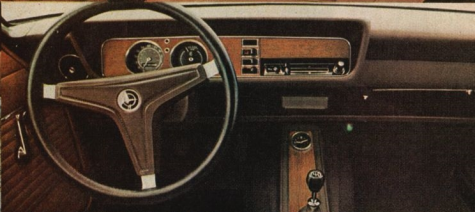
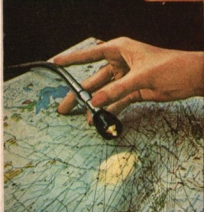
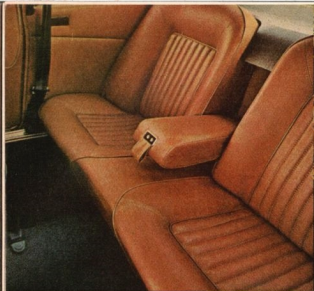


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affairs. His successor as the leader of Protestant thought cannot avoid dealing with Niebuhr's forceful logic; he will have to abandon it deliberately or build on it.

Taking a Troubled Throne

Under normal circumstances, election as Patriarch of a church of 40 million souls would be the desire of a priest's lifetime. That is probably not so for Metropolitan Pimen of Kolomna, 60, who was chosen last week by the Holy Synod, meeting in Zagorsk outside Moscow, to head the Russian Orthodox Church. A pliable moderate who has been caretaker head of the church since the death of Patriarch Alexei 13 months ago, Pimen faces enough problems to tax an archangel.

The Orthodox Church suffered greatly



METROPOLITAN PIMEN
A rein on his reign.

in the last decade of Alexei's 25-year reign when Nikita Khrushchev forced half the country's churches to close to prove he was a hard-line Communist. Now a reform movement within Orthodoxy, seeking complete freedom from state controls, is bound to further complicate the church's nervous relationship with the Soviet government. The new Patriarch must also deal with the state's Council on Religious Affairs, which is likely to keep a close rein on him. In the past, Pimen has accommodated himself to the state's needs, never deviating from official policy in public statements at home or abroad. The son of an office worker, he has risen steadily through the church hierarchy since entering a monastery at the age of 17. Knowledgeable observers think that he will have to maneuver so cautiously between the reformers and the government that the real power in the church will be wielded by Leningrad's Metropolitan Nikodim, 41, a better-known and articulate spokesman for Soviet policy in world ecumenical circles.

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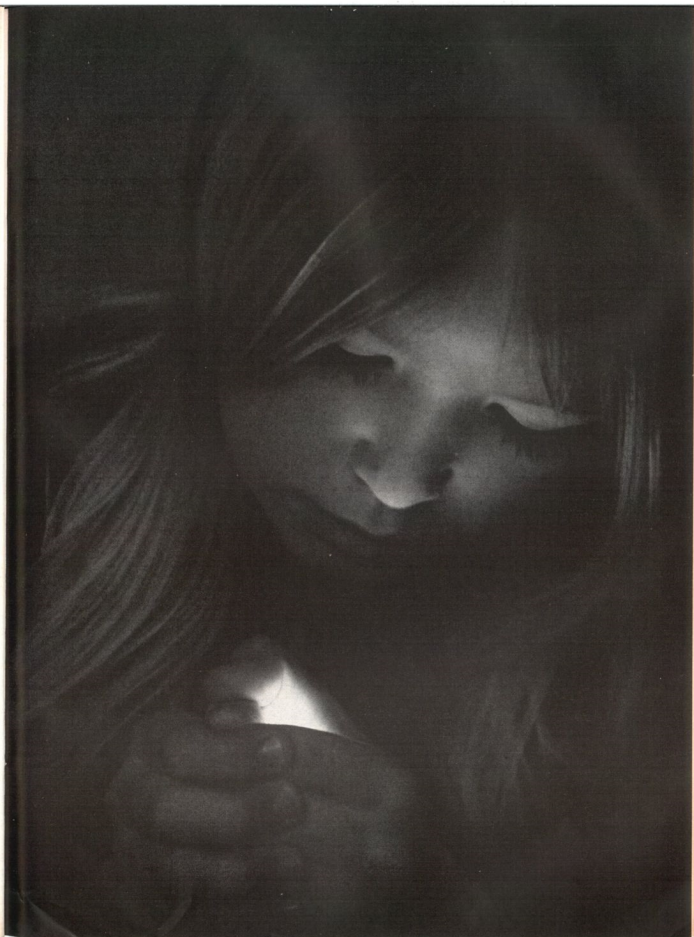
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ENVIRONMENT

An Old City's New Town

One of the best ways to save decaying cities is to build a "new town" right in the city's center. Trouble is, such enormous developments are so expensive in land, relocation and construction costs that most cities have to ask Washington for help—and then wait in line perhaps for years to get the necessary federal funds.

Last week Philadelphia showed the way to a short cut. Five major local companies announced plans to build a 50-acre, \$400 million "Franklin Town" virtually in the shadow of city hall with hardly any governmental aid. The secret is that the companies (Smith Kline & French, I-T-E Imperial Corp., the Korman Corp., Butcher & Sherrerd and Philadelphia Electric Co.) already own 70% of the land, which they now use mostly for parking lots or obsolete factories. The remaining acreage will be bought by Philadelphia's redevelopment authority when the city approves the project, then sold to the redevelopers for the full cost of acquisition. No public subsidies are sought.

Streets for People. Scheduled for completion in the 1980s, Franklin Town will include 4,000 housing units in a wide range of prices, plus offices, shops, hotels and parks. By clustering and mixing these activities, Architect-Planners Philip Johnson and John Burgee hope to keep the new town bustling by day and night. Indeed, Johnson describes the urban project as "by far the most exciting in the world today."

One important feature of the plan is a spacious "town square." Another is a shop-and-theater-lined boulevard cutting

diagonally through Philadelphia's rectangular grid of streets that will act as a sort of glorified main street, a gathering point for the community. Since the boulevard will mainly serve only Franklin Town rather than the whole city, auto traffic will be light. Says Philip Johnson: "The streets must be primarily built for people and secondarily for cars." To stress that notion, the plan provides a system of pedestrian walkways, called greenways, in the old Philadelphia tradition.

"The project will not only be a good neighborhood but a good neighbor," says Jason Nathan, president of Franklin Town Corp. The corporation will relocate at its own expense the 126 families now living in the area and lend technical and financial assistance to help revivify surrounding neighborhoods. In addition, Philadelphia will directly benefit from a 28-fold rise in real estate taxes from the area. The sponsoring companies also firmly intend to find profit in redevelopment. If they succeed, the Franklin Town formula may serve many other U.S. cities where big companies own large plots in the deteriorating core. "The essential ingredient," says Nathan, "is corporate commitment to the city—not a desire to escape urban problems by fleeing to the suburbs."

Week's Watch

Each year New Jersey beaches are swept by a "red tide" of tiny organisms thatadden the sea, give swimmers rashes and threaten the shore area's ecology and economy. Health officials trace this phenomenon to the "dead sea" outside New York Harbor, a region de-



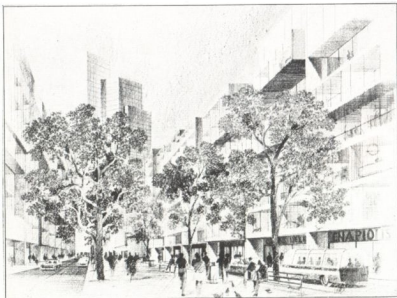
GARBAGE SCOWS HEADING TO
A source of dead seas

void of marine life where barges routinely dump the city's garbage and sludge (treated sewage). To worsen matters, New Jersey itself dumps sludge offshore, and so does Pennsylvania.

Last week New Jersey Governor William T. Cahill took drastic action. He signed a bill that could force his state's dumpers to move as far out as the continental shelf—in some places 100 miles offshore. The bill poses some complex problems. It may cost sludge-barge operators more than \$50 million a year for oceangoing tugs and crews. It will not stop New York City and Philadelphia from continuing to dump their own muck into New Jersey waters. Nor will Cahill's suggested limit help the Atlantic, which is already partially polluted. Still, his move is likely to end a grim impasse and even clean up some filthy beaches. As he put it: "We must realize that we can no longer throw our wastes away because there is no 'away.'"

Though no tankers have foundered around Bermuda, there are ominous signs of growing oil pollution in the area. For one, the island's famous pink beaches are now marred by traces of tar. Another sign shows up in studies made by David Wingate, a government conservationist. In 1968, he found oil clotting the underfeathers of 1 in every 100 longtails, a graceful sea bird that breeds in Bermuda. This year the ratio rose to 1 in 4. Wingate believes that floating particles of tar, perhaps caused by tankers pumping out their tanks, smear the birds as they sit on the water. Since longtails die if oil sticks to their wings or is eaten in preening, their numbers are declining.

But Wingate also reports a bright spot amid the gloom. The Bermuda cahow, a rare marine bird supposedly doomed by pesticides flushed into the ocean, is apparently staging a comeback. This year the world's last 24 pairs of cahows have produced twelve healthy chicks. A likely reason, Wingate thinks, might be that the rising tide of floating tar is at least temporarily absorbing the harmful pesticides.



SKETCH OF BOULEVARD FOR "FRANKLIN TOWN"
A short cut to renewal.



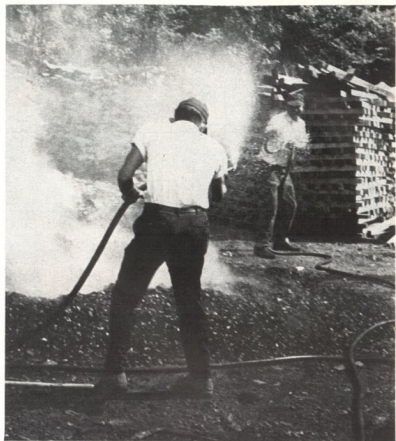
SEA FROM LOWER NEW YORK BAY
and interstate complexities.

In most states, gasoline taxes build roads—inviting more cars, more taxes, more roads and so on. Oregon has a different idea. In the nation's most anti-“growth” state, where bumper stickers proclaim **SAVE OREGON FOR OREGONIANS**, the legislature has just passed a bill that would channel 1% of all state gas-tax revenues into building bicycle lanes and footpaths. These paths would be built along highways, streets and in parks. The bill also says that the state may restrict paths to non-motorized vehicles. If Governor Tom McCall signs the bill into law, Oregon's biennial budget will include about \$2.6 million for pedalers and pedestrians. Last week the U.S. Transportation Department promised to supplement state funds for bike-path construction, hiking Oregon's potential two-year take to as much as \$4.9 million.

Anyone who lives near a paper mill knows that smell—a rotten-egg, spoiled-cabbage stink that pours forth when wood pulp is cooked to produce paper. Now, thanks to a small industrial furnace company's work in Muskegon, Mich., the awful stink may be on the way out.

The secret is an afterburner developed by the Blu-Surf Division of Hayes-Albion Co. of Jackson, Mich., and installed on a stack of the S.D. Warren Co., a paper mill whose emissions have long irritated Muskegon residents. Paper mills smell because they emit sulfide and methyl-mercaptopan gases. Instead of venting those gases into the air, the destinking system sends them into a special furnace fed by pressurized air and natural gas. The fumes are then forced through a flame that burns at 1350° F., which is the oxidation point of the sulfides and mercaptans. The resultant oxides are virtually odorless.

The afterburner system is far cheaper than conventional antismell devices: \$60,000 for the S.D. Warren installation, says a company spokesman, v. about \$1 million to \$1.5 million for a rotary kiln of the same operating capacity. It also works.



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BY DROP

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MICHAEL

JERMAINE

TITO

JACKIE

MARLON

The Jackson Five at Home

Jackie is 20, Tito 17, Jermaine 16, Marlon 14. They sing some, and play guitar. Michael, the lead singer, is twelve. They are brothers, and taken together they add up to the Jackson Five, a group that in hardly more than a year has become the biggest thing to hit Pop Capitalism since the advent of the Beatles. They had four hit singles in 1970, two more already this year, four albums, with all ten releases selling in the millions, and one (I'll Be There) already well over 4,000,000. Teen-age girls besiege their home for autographs and sometimes faint when they sing. They have their own magazine, a quarterly in which fans can revel in a whole issue devoted entirely to the Jackson Five and read things like "Michael's Love Letter to You." Stores now bulge with Jackson Five decals, stickers and sweaters. A Jackson Five hair spray and a Jackson Five watch are planned, as well as a television cartoon about their lives. Despite this commercial hoopla, the group manages to be one of the best soul bands in the country. It is also part of the most likable and natural family ever to survive the pressures of teen-age stardom. So Correspondent Timothy Tyler discovered on a recent visit to the Jackson Five in Los Angeles:

First of all, they are really the Jackson twelve or 13, depending on whether you count Sister Maureen, who lives in Kentucky. There are the parents, Joe and Katherine, and Cousins Johnny Jackson and Ronnie Rancifer, who play drums and piano respectively, Sisters Janet, 4, and Latoya, 15, and Little Brother Randy, 8, who is getting ready to join the group.

They all live together in a massive twelve-room stucco-modern house on a large lot guarded by an electric gate out in Los Angeles' sprawling San Fer-

nando Valley. The place is mammoth, flanked by a guesthouse, playhouse and servants' quarters. But there are only six bedrooms so that Michael—culture hero though he is—has to triple up with Randy and Marlon, and the other brothers are forced to share too.

The Jackson fortress wraps itself around a pool; it has walkways and plants growing all around; there is a basketball half court, badminton court, an archery range and, inside, a pool table in a sunken rec room and a den that looks like a cross between a motel lobby and the foyer of a Sunset Boulevard record company. The walls are plastered with platinum records (each signifying \$2,000,000 in sales) and various other trophies the boys have picked up. For furniture, there is a bar, a stereo with big speakers and leatherette couches.

The place is almost totally impersonal, the fiercest personality around being without a doubt Lobo, a German shepherd trained to eat anything, black or white, that's squeaky and carries an autograph book. The family's closest friends have to wait outside in their cars in the parking lot and call up to the window, "Is Lobo O.K.?" The kids hold the raging beast down, inside the house, until a split-second before the visitor comes in the front door. Then Lobo is allowed to rush out the back door, a tornado of bristles and snarls, in a vain (hopefully) attempt to race around the establishment and up the front steps in time to rip the pants off whoever is going in the front door.

The kids wander around the place, not exactly at home but definitely in control of the situation. Michael, with the loveliest, fullest, twelve-year-old Afro you'll hope to see, has the history of the group down pat: "We all started singing together after Tito started messin' with Dad's guitar and singin' with the radio. It was Tito decided we should form a group, and we did, and we practiced a lot, and then we started en-

tering talent shows, and we won every one we entered, and then we did this benefit for the mayor [Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind.], and Diana Ross was in the audience, and afterward we was in the dressin' room and Diana Ross knocked on the door, and she brought us to Motown in Detroit and that was it."

He is taken aback when you question him beyond this, because that's as far as his training takes him. But he responds well enough. Yes, Mother Katherine had played clarinet in high school, but she wasn't much of a musical influence. Father Joe, who also sports a natural and who as a youth had sung and played guitar with a local group called the Falcons, set more of an example. The whole family, Maureen on piano, would sit around the house through the '60s and sing on weekends, Joe providing the chords on guitar. Tito got the idea they should be a formal group when Michael was only six.

Tito was playing guitar, and Jermaine learned bass—on Tito's guitar at first, there being no money for a real bass. Then came the bass amps and speakers, and there wasn't enough money left to buy any more instruments, so the cousins were enlisted, more for their set of drums and their piano than for their musical talents. Singing songs like the Temptations' *I Wish It Would Rain* and *My Girl*, or Smokey Robinson's *Going to a Go-Go*, they began making tours to Chicago, Arizona, New York and Boston. The family made most of these trips in their Volkswagen bus, with a second van for equipment. The kids just remember all the snow and all their weekends and school holidays being spent in motels and strange arenas. Says Marlon: "We would do a show somewhere Sunday night, we'd get home at 3 in the morning, then we'd have to get up at 8 to go to school. That was rough."

Things have eased up in some ways. But it's still remarkable that they're as



Their garden? Just a window box on a city street. But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color. All year round.

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One sip, and you'll know why its maker was knighted.

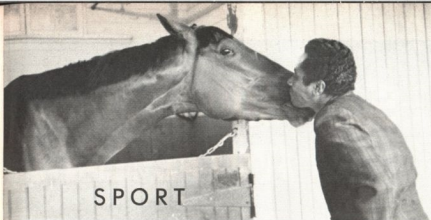
big as they are, considering that their concert and recording schedules, TV appearances and the creation of a new series of J-5 animated cartoons all have to be worked around school and homework. The Buckley School (in Sherman Oaks, where all five of them go) makes allowances, and a social worker-tutor travels with the boys wherever they go, but show biz is still a schooling handicap. But then again, the boys, who get only a small allowance each week, aren't subject to the pressures of traveling grown-ups—you know, wasting time with those worthless chickies on the road, migraine headaches, creaking bones, drugs and alcohol—instead, they unwind nightly with pillow fights and card games, Scrabble and Monopoly.

Motown Magic. But neither their schooling nor their music has really suffered from their schedule. Seeing the boys together, you begin to realize how hard they've worked to get good. Some of their stuff is certainly a product of "that Motown magic," as Motown publicists put it, meaning Motown President Berry Gordy and Songwriters Fonso Mizell, Freddy Perren and Deke Richards, who wrote *Love Child* for the Supremes. The tunes they are given are good black pop, the rhythms authentic rhythm and blues. But it takes some kind of private and personal magic for a twelve-year-old like Michael to sound convincing in a lyric like this:

*Let me fill your heart with joy
and laughter.
Togetherness, girl, is all I'm after.
Whenever you need me,
I'll be there.*

Musically, they're all really just getting started. Michael plays drums. He says he is learning piano too. "It's not hard. You just have to put your mind to what you doin'; that's all there is to it." Marlon says in his soft child-voice that he's a dancer, and Jermaine adds that Marlon is known around the house as "Las Vegas" because of his prowess with cards. It turns out that Jermaine is a poet, and that he and Michael (Michael does everything) draw pictures of people. Jackie likes to recall how 16 girls fainted in Cincinnati when Jermaine was doing his solo in *I Found That Girl*. When he ad-libbed, "Won't you take me with you?" the girls apparently confused the concert with a gospel response meeting, broke out in sweats and screamed, "Yes!" and then keeled over.

It's still a bit too chilly to swim just now, so after a little basketball the kids settle down to a game of pool. "I'm good on my trampoline," Michael remarks. "And I'm good at pool." "Not as good as me," says Jermaine. Back home in Gary, says Tito, "We all played Little League, and we all hit home runs during the series. We were always the best at everything." Somehow it sounds neither phony nor swellheaded—merely the truth.



SPORT

CAÑONERO AND TRAINER JUAN ARIAS DISCUSSING THE RACE

The Year of Cañonero

When he came from nowhere to win the Kentucky Derby, the experts sneered over their mint juleps and dismissed him as a fluke. At the Preakness, the horse they called a "ragamuffin" had the same experts choking on their clam cakes as he sped home the winner. Then the wisecracks turned to wonderment. Could he do it? Could this rank unknown, this invader from Venezuela—*Venezuela*?—make off with the most coveted honor in U.S. horse racing, the Triple Crown? Last week a record crowd of 81,036 came to find out, as the big (16.1 hands) copper colt went to the post in the \$125,000 Belmont Stakes, the final jewel in the Triple Crown. A fleet, frantic 2 min. 30.2 sec. later, the fans at Belmont and millions more watching on TV in the U.S. and Venezuela had the answer: no.

Though he went off as the 3-to-5 favorite, Cañonero II was bucking the far more formidable odds of history. In more than a century of competition, only eight horses have won the Triple Crown; the last was Citation, who turned the trick in 1948. One reason for the scarcity of Triple Crown winners is that the grueling length of the Belmont—1½ miles, against 1¼ for the Derby and 1⅛ for the Preakness—has a way of producing upsets. Another is that the competition among three-year-olds has become increasingly stiff. Citation, for example, was one of 5,819 thoroughbreds foaled in 1945; Cañonero was one of 22,911 born in 1968—and a most unimpressive one at that. Indeed it is not so much the rarity of a Triple Crown contender but the ragamuffin-to-riches rise that has made Cañonero, as his trainer Juan Arias says, the "champion of the people."

Unclassy Beginning. Bred in Kentucky, the colt looked like an also-ran at the 1969 Keeneland Fall Sales. Not that his breeding was bad, but he was small and had a split hoof and a bad case of worms. A Venezuelan agent bought him for a paltry \$1,200 and shipped him off to Caracas, where he was sold to Millionaire Horseman Pedro Baptista for \$6,000. Nursed through his early infirmities, Cañonero grew into

a strapping three-year-old with an exceptionally long (30 ft.) stride. When Venezuela's top rider, Gustavo Avila, was put in the saddle last March, Cañonero reeled off three straight wins. Convinced that he had a winning combination, Baptista packed his horse off to the Kentucky Derby. Cañonero, warned one Caracas newspaper, would be "hopelessly outclassed."

The beginning, at least, was decidedly unclassy. When the horse finally arrived in Louisville, he was haggard, bruised, feverish and 51 lbs. underweight—just five days before the Derby. Arias, who believed that the speed trials favored by American trainers rob a horse of his stamina, worked Cañonero at a leisurely trot. A 100-to-1 shot on some tip sheets, Cañonero moved from deep in the pack to win by 3½ lengths. "What do they have to say now!" cried the jubilant Arias.

From the Horse's Mouth. They said that the Derby field of 20 was so unwieldy that any nag could win. Arias was not listening. A kind of Latin Dr. Dolittle, he was talking to his animal. "Cañonero," he said solemnly, "told me

six days before the Derby that he would win. On Wednesday he told me that he would win the Preakness." Win he did. Rounding the final turn, Avila let Cañonero have his head, and the horse swept by Eastern Fleet and won going away. Cañonero's winning time of 1 min. 54 sec. clipped three-fifths of a second off the old Preakness record set by Nashua in 1955.

Going into the Belmont, the tune had changed. Reggie Cornell, the trainer of Eastern Fleet, would not even enter his horse. "Not me," he said. "I'll let somebody else chase that cannonball." Nevertheless, a lot of somebodies decided to try—especially after a skin rash and an infected hoof caused Cañonero to miss two days of training. By post time, the field had grown to 13; nine of the horses Cañonero had never met before, including a speedy bay colt named Pass Catcher who had registered two firsts and a second in his last three starts.

People's Champ. Breaking from the No. 7 post position, Cañonero surprised the chalk players by taking the lead at the clubhouse turn and holding it for more than a mile. Avila, who rode high in the irons trying to conserve his mount, said later: "I just couldn't hold him back." Then rounding the final turn, the challengers came on. Pass Catcher, a 30-to-1 shot, broke through and battled Jim French to the wire to win by three-fourths of a length. A tired Cañonero faded to fourth behind Bold Reason. Afterward, a disconsolate Arias said that Cañonero was "only 75%" of his old self. "I will bet my head that he is the best horse." To the many fans who had adopted the "champion of the people," he still was—win or lose. Indeed, brilliant though Pass Catcher's performance was, the 1971 season would undoubtedly go down as the Year of Cañonero.



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THE PRESS

Return of the Post

In these pages you will find informative articles and delightful fiction. You'll find fun. You'll find sentiment. In short, you will rediscover an old, old friend.

—Saturday Evening Post editorial

Old is not really the operative word for the new *Saturday Evening Post*, which is back on the nation's newsstands this week as a \$1-a-copy quarterly. Antique is more accurate, right down to the custom re-created headline type used by the *Post* in the 1930s and '40s. In format and much of its content, this is the homey, comfortable, non-controversial old *Post* of Ben Hibbs, not the later, slicker version which piled up some \$500 million in libel suits as a result of its "sophisticated muckraking" and finally perished in 1969 from a combination of advertising atrophy and high-circulation pressure.

People pushing 50 will find the new *Post* almost frighteningly familiar. Artist Norman Rockwell didn't do the cover (even though he is still active at 77), but he is on it, puffing his pipe and preparing to paint a *Post* delivery boy. Inside, there is an eight-page salute to Rockwell, together with a slew of the original *Post*'s old-fashioned, gray "narrative illustrations," which made it seem as if every scene were taking place in an incipient thunderstorm. Other old stand-bys abound. There are reprints of *Tugboat Annie* and *Thomas Wolfe*. The bylines of Paul Gallico and Ellery Queen are back, and so is that veteran Hollywood doorbell ringer, Pete Martin, with "I Call on Ali McGraw." William

Hazlett Upon celebrates *The Return of Alexander Botts* and his continuing correspondence with the brass at the Earthworm Tractor Company. The bust of Post Patriarch Benjamin Franklin is, of course, prominently displayed.

Cut-Rate Control. This staggering overdose of nostalgia does not bother Beurt SerVaas, 52, the editor and publisher whose name is the most unfamiliar thing about the new *Post*. A blunt, bouncy Indianapolis industrialist who has made a specialty of saving failing companies (and making millions in the process), SerVaas manages a mish-mash mini-empire that includes three steel-forging plants, a chemical company, an employment agency, a business college, another small publishing operation—and now the venerable Curtis Publishing Co. (*Post*, *Holiday*, *Jack and Jill*). SerVaas picked up control of the company at cut-rate prices last year from the estate of Cyrus Curtis, reportedly paying less than \$200,000 for 17% of the shares. With the *Post* dead and *Holiday* dying, Curtis was hardly a hot property. The company was burdened with \$20 million in tax claims and another \$20 million in back debts. Still, SerVaas saw survival possibilities.

Although his background in publishing is exceedingly modest, SerVaas believes that "all businesses are alike. Only the product or service varies," he says. "Most businesses do not fail; managers do. Business failures are management failures." His consistent formula for success is to fire the old management, slash the staff and pinch pennies. Once he became president of Curtis in May 1970, SerVaas went to work on *Holiday*. He shrank it to newsmagazine size, cut its frequency from twelve to nine issues a year, booted out Editor Caskie Stinnett, slashed the staff by two-thirds and started promoting tours. Beurt's wife Cory became executive editor of both *Holiday* and the *Post*. Transformed into a middle-class book geared to mass travel, *Holiday* has suffered in quality, but not on the balance sheet. Thanks to a 60% cut in costs, the magazine turned a tiny (\$21,600) profit in the first four months of this year—the first in a decade.

Only on Newsstands. In reviving the *Post*, SerVaas opted for reminiscence over relevance on the grounds that familiarity was the magazine's prime asset. "We figure there are about 50 million people out there who have read the *Post* at one time or another and remember it," he explains. "I think that's a good base." The current quarterly *Post* has a modest press run of 550,000 and will be sold only on newsstands; the new postal-rate increases, in SerVaas' view, make subscriptions too expensive to service. Advertising for the 160-page first issue is a healthy 50 pages.

The new Curtis operation runs on a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



COVER OF THE REVIVED MAGAZINE
Reminiscence over relevance.

shoestring, in typical SerVaas fashion. A compact staff of 50, based in Indianapolis, will produce both the *Post* and *Holiday*, and reruns or rewrites by retracts will figure prominently in future issues of the *Post*. But SerVaas seems more interested in profit than prizes. "Except for some minor attorneys' fees and several small creditors' bills," he says proudly, "we have paid off all our creditors, settled all our tax liability, sold off obsolete properties, and are now a small, healthy, operating company." Even including start-up costs for the *Post*, Curtis was in the black for the first four months of 1971. SerVaas may have saved a grand old name in American journalism, but so far it seems a survival without much substance.

Welcome Aboard

About three centuries after the concept of a free press was first postulated, the Vatican got around to endorsing it last week. A 20,000-word "pastoral instruction," circulated to Roman Catholic bishops throughout the world, condemned censorship in mass communications (except as a "last extremity") and decreed that "freedom of speech for individuals and groups must be permitted so long as the common good and public morality be not endangered." The document, which was approved by Pope Paul, also contended that the relationship between the church and the press should "be distinguished by integrity, truth and openness." There should be "a steady two-way flow of information between the ecclesiastical authorities at all levels and the faithful as individuals and as organized groups." Newsmen in Rome, who have long suffered under the Vatican's own restrictive information policy, now hope that the Holy See will practice what it preaches.



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Profits over prizes.

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MEDICINE

Hiroshima Time Bomb

One of the best-documented medical aftereffects of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was the leukemia that developed in many of the survivors. Those who received the heaviest doses of atomic radiation have been eight times more likely than other Japanese to get the disease. Now a new chapter of research by the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission* reveals what has long been suspected: that those who lived through the A-bombings are more susceptible than others to a whole variety of cancers.

An American-Japanese investigatory team studied 20,000 Hiroshima-Nagasaki survivors, all of whom were under

YOSUKE YAMAHATA



FATHER & SON AFTER NAGASAKI BLAST
Plenty of grim data.

ten in 1945. The findings, reported in the British medical journal *Lancet*, define a "high-risk group" within the 20,000 as those who were exposed while in the open air one mile or less from the explosion's center. Cancer has been ten times more frequent in this group than among those who were inside shelters or situated farther from the explosion. Even among people exposed to a lesser degree of radiation, cancers of the thyroid, uterus and bone have developed in increasing numbers during the past decade. Numerous theories have been advanced over the years in an attempt to explain how radiation triggers cancer. The commission members hope that the cases of cancer in Hiroshima and Nagasaki will yield new clues.

Peak to Come. The cancer time bomb will continue to supply grim data. Because many ailing victims procrastinate in seeking medical help, commission

physicians and statisticians have had to rely on death records to supply the full cancer census. Though the actual number of cancers detected so far in the high-risk group is only 19, the team points out that these occurred in a sampling of only 1,109 people, the oldest of whom is now just 35. Among Japanese of the same age who arrived in Hiroshima or Nagasaki after the bombings, cancer has occurred at less than one-fourth this rate. Even this incidence is unexpectedly high, and the investigators cannot yet explain it.

The casualty commission sees no evidence that a peak has yet been reached. During the next ten years, the young survivors will be entering the age bracket at which cancer rates ordinarily begin to increase sharply. The doctors plan an even closer watch on their health.

Curing an Ill Wind

Moving up out of the desert each spring and fall, the khamsin is an ill wind that blows no one in the Middle East any good. It picks up hot air and dust as it sweeps across Africa and the Sinai Peninsula, bringing a variety of afflictions in its northerly thrust. The moistureless air causes feet to swell painfully, noses and eyes to itch and asthmatics to gasp for breath. The khamsin can also madden men. Automobile accidents are far more frequent when it is blowing, crime rates increase by as much as 20% and tempers rise with the mercury. Judges in some Arab countries take a lenient attitude toward crimes committed during the khamsin.

Zero Humidity. Most Middle Eastern countries have learned to live with the problem. The Israelis, however, are trying to do something about it. A team headed by Professor Felix Gad Sulman of the Hebrew University's Department of Applied Pharmacology in Jerusalem has conducted a nine-year study that has not only identified the medical causes of the khamsin's curse but also devised treatment for it.

The findings could have international significance, since wind-borne woes afflict millions of people on several continents. Italy suffers each year from the effects of the sirocco, France from the mistral, the Alpine regions from the foehn. Chinook winds bring a touch of seeming madness to the Rocky Mountain area each winter, and the Santa Ana wind makes thousands of Californians miserable. Sulman's experiments show that this misery may be lessened.

His team had an ideal laboratory. Jerusalem has up to 150 days of khamsin a year, during which time temperatures soar above 90° while the relative humidity plummets toward zero. Half of the city's population suffer from some kind of khamsin-related condition. For many, the misery is minor, such as swelling of the extremities. For others, how-

ever, the effects are far more pervasive.

The hot, dry atmosphere produced by the khamsin contains an excess of positive ions. Young people, whose metabolic rates tend to be high, react to such atmospheric conditions by absorbing positive electrical energy like a storage battery, until they literally become overcharged. Their hair becomes electrified and stands on end, and they develop migraine headaches and nausea. They become tense, irritable and occasionally violent. They also secrete large amounts of serotonin, a hormone associated with the nervous system.

Many older people have an entirely different reaction. Long-term exposure to the enervating heat appears to lessen their production of adrenaline, a hormone that maintains blood pressure and helps regulate cardiac function. The old-

W. BRADY



BEERSHEBA DURING THE KHAMISIN
Excess of positive ions.

er folk become fatigued, apathetic and depressed. They may also become faint, thus contributing to the increased number of automobile accidents.

How to Cope. In clinical studies involving 500 people, Sulman's team experienced few problems in treating the majority of patients. Small doses of drugs called monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitors aided the elderly by slowing the breakdown of adrenaline. Drugs that prevent serotonin buildup helped those adversely affected by the ionized air. So did the Ionotron, a machine the size of a tabletop radio. Developed by Hebrew University scientists, the device supplies negative electricity to an indoor area, bringing relief to overcharged victims.

A third category of khamsin sufferers have more complex reactions. These victims have few specific complaints beyond an extreme sensitivity to the rapid temperature changes caused by the khamsin. High concentrations of histamine in their urine suggest that they might be suffering from previously un-

* An organization composed of Japanese and American scientists and financed by the two governments.

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diagnosed hyperthyroidism, or overactivity of the gland that regulates metabolism. Additional tests have shown that their conditions are aggravated, not directly caused by the khashin.

Such patients can be helped. Doctors simply give them thyroid-depressing drugs that restore their metabolic balance and increase their ability to cope with the khashin. But the wind is not yet conquered. Further research is essential before Israel can claim total victory; Sulman's study shows that such an outcome is possible.

Improving on Methadone

To many of those involved in the fight against heroin addiction, methadone seems to be the most workable weapon yet devised. A synthetic morphine substitute, it relieves the symptoms of narcotic withdrawal, blocks heroin's euphoric effects and allows an addict to lead a relatively normal life. But methadone also has its drawbacks. It is almost as addictive as the heroin it replaces, and most addicts must indefinitely maintain their new, though less destructive, habit. Because methadone is short-acting, it must be taken daily; addicts starting treatment must either report to a clinic for daily dosages or be given several days' supply at a time, a practice that opens the door to abuse.

The problem posed by methadone's addictive properties remains to be solved. But two doctors at the University of Chicago's Pritzker School of Medicine have experimented with a drug that may resolve the dilemma of distribution. Writing in the *A.M.A. Journal*, Drs. Jerome Jaffe and Edward Senay report that l-methadyl acetate, a methadone-like substance, suppresses both withdrawal symptoms and narcotic hunger up to three times as long as ordinary methadone. Therefore it decreases the temptation and the opportunity to cheat on the treatment by selling the heroin substitute for drug money.

Not Available. The pair base their report on a test involving ten addicts already under care in a Chicago drug program. Five of the subjects were given daily doses of methadone. The other five were kept on methadone during the week, but given a single dose of l-methadyl acetate—plus placebos—to see them through the weekend. None of the ten knew whether he was receiving methadone or the new substance.

Physicians who examined the ten patients were unable to detect any clinical differences between the two groups. Nor were the addicts themselves able to distinguish between the drugs. All ten were equally able to resist the opiates to which they were addicted. For the present, l-methadyl acetate is being produced only for investigational purposes and is not available for addiction-treatment programs. The Jaffe-Senay results are encouraging enough, however, to stimulate testing on a large scale.

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THE THEATER

Memories As Weapons

All of Harold Pinter's plays can be viewed as attempts to write the same play. Each new work appears to be another approximation of some Platonic ideal in which Pinter yearns finally to reduce a few characteristic themes and methods to their purest state, finally to narrow his focus to a vision of life in its quiddity. In these terms, *Old Times*, which opened last week in London, may be his nearest miss yet.

The plot encapsulates the basic Pinter situation. Two people are together, in this case a documentary film maker and his wife of 20 years, who live in a remote farmhouse. They are joined by a third person who has ties to the past of one of them—a woman with whom the wife lived during her days as a secretary in London. As usual with Pinter, the surface is unrelentingly mundane. Coffee is poured, snatches of old songs are sung, memories are exchanged. Also as usual, the action is punctuated by pregnant pauses, the lines surrounded by halos of significant silence. Deeper emotions are hinted at: the lingering spell of the visitor's lesbian attachment to the wife, the husband's sense of being threatened by the woman's arrival, the wife's sublime and ultimately frightening impassivity before love.

Calculated Precisely. All of this may strike some playgoers as merely another Pinter puzzle, and a rather dehydrated one at that. But in fact it is a virtuoso display of how subtle, gripping and revealing a drama can be fashioned from such spare materials. Fixed with Pinter's almost hallucinatory concentration and clarity, every word and gesture has its measured weight and effect. The climaxes are restrained, yet so precisely calculated—as when the two women suddenly lapse into speaking with each other as if they were roommates again—that the impact can be shattering.

Pinter is not out to anatomize nostalgia or even to strip it naked, but to show how people use memories as weapons. The woman visitor and the husband vie with each other to possess the wife by possessing her past. In the process they ruthlessly select and reshape "old times," casting each other in roles to suit their own purposes. Did the woman or the husband introduce the wife to the movie *Odd Man Out*? Did the husband once meet the woman in a pub and go to a party with her where he gazed up her skirt? The answers do not matter, only the assertions. "There are some things one remembers even though they may never have happened,"

says the woman. "There are things I remember which may never have happened, but as I recall them, so they take place."

Victorious But Frustrated. Directed by Peter Hall and designed by John Bury, the Royal Shakespeare Company's production is impeccable. Vivien Merchant (Mrs. Harold Pinter), who is to Pinter's plays what Clara Schumann was to her husband's music, plays the woman with a mixture of hauteur and girlish romanticism. She makes the character both menacing and slightly spurious. Colin Blakely is blessedly funny and touching as the bluff husband whose male pride is aroused but baffled. He is apparently victorious but eventually frustrated. In the role of the mysterious

DONALD COOPER



BLAKELY, TUTIN, MERCHANT IN "OLD TIMES"
Following the spiral inward.

wife, Dorothy Tutin catches the unconscious cruelty of an indifference that can take anything but give nothing.

If *Old Times* almost perfectly crystallizes Pinter's dramaturgy, is it therefore his best play? That probably depends on how one feels about the direction of his career. Pinter's growth has been a spiral turning inward rather than outward. The question is how far he can pursue his ideal at the center before he meets himself coming back. It has always been part of his artistic courage to pitch his plays at the limits of the minimal and rarefied, and part of his importance is that he can make them work. For all its brilliance, *Old Times* does seem about as minimal and rarefied as a play can be before sterility or self-parody sets in. But then, that is what they said about *The Caretaker* more than a decade—and many rings of the spiral—ago.

■ Christopher Porterfield

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MILESTONES

Married. Norton Simon, 64, industrialist, art collector and maverick California Republican who spent nearly \$2,000,000 in an unsuccessful 1970 Senate primary contest; and Jennifer Jones, 52, actress and 1943 Oscar winner for *The Song of Bernadette*; he for the second time, she for the third; on a yacht in the English Channel.

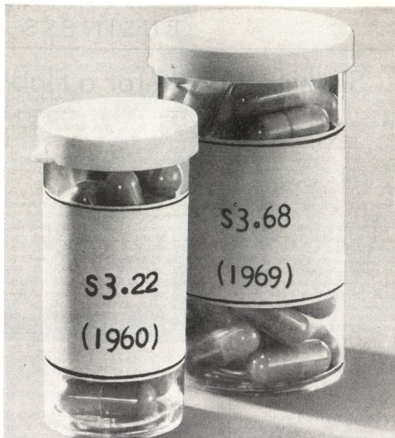
Married. Serge Obolensky, 80, the Russian prince who became a U.S.-based patriarch of the international jet set; and Marilyn Fraser Wall, 44, a Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., millionairess; she for the second time, he for the third (his marriages to the daughters of Czar Alexander II and John Jacob Astor ended in divorce); in Arlington, Va.

Died. Audie Murphy, 46, America's most decorated hero of World War II, who later appeared in 40 films (see THE NATION).

Died. Joe E. Lewis, 69, carousing king of nightclub comics; of complications from diabetes; in Manhattan. Lewis was of comedy's Drinking School ("How long can I go on telling jokes and drinking? I can see the handwriting on the floor right now"). At the height of what he called "the Great Drought" (Prohibition), he was earning \$650 a week performing in a mob-owned Chicago speakeasy. In 1927 he switched to a rival band's establishment, and Machine Gun Jack McGurn administered a lesson in loyalty that left Lewis with a fractured skull. Suffering from brain damage, Lewis underwent years of therapy before fully regaining his speech. By the late 1930s he was back on top of the saloon circuit. A fixture at Aqueduct as well as the Copa and the Las Vegas Strip, he was traditionally joined by his audiences in shouting "Post time!" before each of the several drinks he downed during a performance.

Died. Reinhold Niebuhr, 78, Protestant theologian and political thinker (see RELIGION).

Died. György Lukács, 86, Communist theoretician; in Budapest. Though often called "the greatest Marxist since Karl Marx," the courtly ideologist still managed to offend both Lenin and Stalin. Lukács eloquently criticized the rigidity of Soviet doctrine, then, while in exile in Moscow, was forced by Stalin to denounce his own early works. He survived periodic purges to join in the chorus of denunciation later directed against Stalin. A champion of such Communist heresies as pluralism and literary freedom, Lukács took part in the 1956 Hungarian uprising. He managed to avoid punishment and resumed his teaching and writing under the watchful eye of the pro-Moscow Kádár regime.



Which prescription costs less?

You paid \$3.22 for the average prescription in 1960.

By 1969*, that price had gone up to \$3.68. A 14.3% price increase, right?

Wrong.

The 1969 prescription on the right contains more medicine than the one from 1960. It's about 1/4 larger than the average prescription of ten years ago.

So, when you measure the amount of medicine received, the price really hasn't gone up. It's gone down. According to a recent independent research institute study, the same quantity of medicine costs less today than it would have a decade ago.

What makes it an even better value is the fact that today's medicines have been improved and are more effective. That means shorter illnesses, fewer and shorter hospital stays.

The dollar you spend for prescription medicines is a good value, and getting better all the time.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association . . . 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

*latest figures available

BUSINESS

Seeking Muscle for a Flabby Recovery

MUSCLE Builder Charles Atlas might describe the present U.S. business recovery as a 97-lb. weakling—too puny to rout the bullyboy of unemployment. Members of TIME's Board of Economists use more scholarly analogies, but they make the same point. At a recent all-day meeting, they offered this analysis of the nation's economy:

► The recovery from last year's recession is the slowest and lowest of any since World War II.

► Unemployment, which rose last month to 6.2% of the labor force, matching December's nine-year high, will still hover around 6% by year's end if nothing is done to put more muscle into the recovery.

► Inflation is slowly subsiding, at least in terms of consumer prices, and a large growth in worker productivity will help to check it further this year.

► The fast rise in productivity will also hold down new hiring.

► Given these factors, the U.S. sorely needs a combination of tax cuts and accelerated Government spending to speed the recovery. Otherwise, this year's gross national product is likely to be about \$1,050 billion, far off the Administration's forecast of \$1,065 billion.

This analysis differs sharply from the reading of Administration economists and the monetarist school led by Milton Friedman, who see a vigorous expansion developing. Friedman recently went so far as to say that the problem is "to keep the economy from going

too fast" and setting off another inflationary spiral. Yet most economists and businessmen tend to agree with TIME's board.

Martin Gainsbrugh, chief economist of the Conference Board, a nonprofit business research organization, has compiled figures to prove that so far the current upturn has been notably weak. Gainsbrugh calculates that the 1970 "recession"—which was officially given that name by the National Bureau of Economic Research two weeks ago—hit bottom in November. Thus, by the end of April, the present recovery was five months old. At that stage in the four previous postwar recoveries, industrial production showed increases ranging from 6.4% to 10.2% above recession lows, while real gross national product went up anywhere from 2.1% to 5%, and manufacturing employment rose 1.2% to 3.8%. In the current recovery, by contrast, industrial production has struggled up only 2.8% from its low point, real G.N.P. only 1.7%, and manufacturing employment a mere .6%.

Sleeping Giant. Assuming no change in Washington policy, members of the Board of Economists see small reason to expect a speedup soon. Despite much talk of expansionary federal budget policy, they find that Government tax and spending programs are not very stimulating. Arthur Okun pointed out that the major force in the recovery so far has been a jump in home building from an annual rate of 1.1 million starts in January 1970 to 1.9 million recently.

The housing upturn, however, may be leveling off. Construction is getting close to the annual rate of 2,000,000 starts that some housing experts believe to be the probable average for the 1970s. Besides, mortgage interest rates have begun to rise again, and are likely to go still higher because other interest rates are climbing.

Business spending for new plants and equipment promises little help. A Government survey last week showed that companies are budgeting only a 2.7% increase in capital expenditures this year, the smallest rise in a decade. The consumer, says Walter Heller, is still a "sleeping giant." Consumers increased their liquid assets—mainly currency and bank deposits—by a startling \$91 billion from January 1970 through last April, to \$812 billion. But they show little inclination to spend this hoard until unemployment starts heading down decisively.

Some bankers make a case for a deliberately slow recovery. Heller summarized their view—with which he disagrees—as a belief that "by prolonging the agony of slack and unemployment, you increase the ecstasy of a lower rate of inflation at full employment." In other words, the longer it takes to get to full employment, the less inflation the U.S. will suffer when that point is reached. Okun also rejected that idea, contending that there is no certainty that a slow recovery will ever achieve full employment. "There may well be a certain orbital

DRAWING FOR TIME BY BOB DRUCKER



speed that you have to get to in order to make a recovery self-sustaining," said Okun, "and if you do not get that momentum, I can see a risk that the recovery could actually peter out."

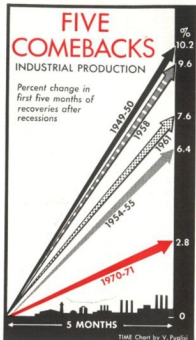
Joseph Pechman and Otto Eckstein added that the social price of a slow recovery is intolerable. The chief cost: a recent alarming rise in poverty in the U.S. For ten years through 1969, the number of poor people in the country declined, but in 1970 the total rose by 1.2 million, to 25.5 million, or 13% of the U.S. population. (For a nonfarm family of four, the Government now defines "poverty" as an annual income of \$3,970 or less.) A major reason for this increase in poverty was rising unemployment. At its present pace, the recovery is putting few people back to work. There are just enough new jobs opening to offset increases in the number of persons looking for employment. Said David Grove: "As long as businessmen are very uncertain about the outlook, there is much more incentive for them to work their existing employees overtime than to hire new employees." Added Heller: "I don't see any chance of arriving at full employment before 1973."

Prospects for Productivity. In the board's view, a swifter recovery is needed not only to produce jobs but also to contain inflation. Though consumer price rises have moderated lately, the more comprehensive G.N.P. index of prices went up at a high annual rate of 5.6% in the first quarter. Wholesale and industrial prices have been jumping, and steel prices are bound to rise. On balance, however, most board members think that inflation has begun to subside slightly.

It is likely to diminish further largely because of rising productivity. Robert Nathan points out that productivity growth almost stopped between mid-1968 and mid-1970, leaving a gap of about 5% between what the present output per man-hour is and what that output would have been if normal growth had continued. He believes that the economy can make up the gap and get a further normal growth of 3% annually over the next three years—which adds up to a potential 14% rise in productivity by 1974.

Productivity usually leaps when the economy climbs out of a recession, since rising demand enables manufacturers to use machines and workers more efficiently. The trouble is that if recovery is creeping, productivity will not rise as much as it could, and wage increases are more likely to force up prices.

Rising Temptations. How can the recovery be pepped up? Heller offers a five-point program: 1) pull forward into this year the \$4.5 billion of income tax cuts scheduled to take effect in 1972 and 1973; 2) have Washington pay now all of the costs of extending state unemployment compensation benefits for an additional 13 weeks, up to a maximum of 39 weeks; 3) enact the Fam-



ily Assistance Program bill, setting national minimum income levels for welfare recipients; 4) give states and cities a temporary 10% federal "bonus," on top of the grants-in-aid that they now receive, for various programs; 5) provide federal funds that state and local governments could use to fill about 150,000 new public service jobs.*

Such moves, board members think, would have to be combined with an incomes policy to fight inflation. David Grove fears that businessmen whose profits have been acutely squeezed by the recession will be tempted to raise prices as soon as they feel that demand is strong enough to support such action

* The House and the Senate have passed public-service jobs bills putting up different amounts of money, but President Nixon is almost certain to veto the final bill on the grounds that it would conflict with his revenue-sharing plans. He vetoed a similar bill last December.

—especially if they have to pay large wage increases. The heart of an incomes policy would be Administration guidelines for noninflationary wage and price increases, and presidential "jawboning" to unions and companies that violate those guidelines.

The wage standard might be 3% to cover long-term productivity increases, plus an add-on to compensate partly for rising prices. Members of the Board of Economists concede that President Nixon could hardly put forward a wage guideline now; it would seem to be aimed specifically at the United Steelworkers in their current negotiations (see story, page 80). But the economists think that a guideline promulgated after the steel settlement would have a strong impact on the next round of labor bargaining in 1972.

Activist Alliance? The Nixon Administration plans to wait until mid-July, when second-quarter figures will be in, before deciding whether to pursue a more expansionist program. Right now, Washington's policymakers are stalemated. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has been arguing for a year in favor of an incomes policy, and lately he has been saying that he also favors more fiscal stimulus. So far he has been blocked by Budget Boss George Shultz, who, in Robert Nathan's words, is "ideologically, conceptually, religiously" against an incomes policy because it would interfere with natural market forces. Paul McCracken, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is thought to be on the fence, ready to propose an expansionary tax and spending program if asked.

The balance of power within the Administration quite possibly will be held by the newest member of the President's economic team: Treasury Secretary John Connally. If it appears that a sluggish business pace will hurt the Administration at the polls, Connally may well form an alliance with Burns for economic activism—more fiscal stimulus plus an incomes policy. One final and perhaps decisive argument against a slow recovery is that it does not produce votes.

TIME's Board of Economists

MEMBERS of TIME's Board of Economists speak as individuals, not as representatives of the institutions with which they are associated. Present at the most recent meeting were:

OTTO ECKSTEIN, Harvard professor and former member of the Council of Economic Advisers.

DAVID GROVE, vice president and chief economist of IBM.

WALTER HELLER, University of Minnesota professor and former chairman of the CEA.

ROBERT NATHAN, head of Robert R.

Nathan Associates, a Washington-based economic consulting firm.

ARTHUR OKUN, senior fellow of the Brookings Institution, former chairman of the CEA.

JOSEPH PECHMAN, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution.

ROBERT TRIFFIN, professor of economics and master of Berkeley College at Yale University.

BERYL SPRINKEL, senior vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, was in Europe and could not attend the meeting.

LABOR

The 31% Raise

Will there be a steel strike when labor contracts run out on July 31? Union President I.W. Abel has vowed to call a walkout unless he wrenches from the steelmakers at least as much as he recently got from the can industry—a 31% hike over three years. Last week Abel moved a step closer to his goal. His United Steelworkers Union won a 31%-plus package from the aluminum industry in a victory that seemed to set an immutable wage pattern for basic metals industries.

Take a Strike. Despite severely declining profits, Aluminum Co. of America, Reynolds Metals and Kaiser Aluminum not only matched the can industry's inflationary 31% settlement, but also agreed to additional sweeteners. Among them: enlarged pension funds and an extra \$10 a week for employees who normally work weekends. To foot the bill, Alcoa will lift most prices by 6% as of Sept. 1, and other aluminum companies are almost sure to follow. Abel's next target is the copper industry, where wage contracts expire June 30, and there is little reason to believe that it will manage to settle for less than aluminum. "If the 10%-a-year trend is repeated in copper," says a top steel executive, "it's damn near a foregone conclusion that it will happen in steel."

In Washington, however, a Nixon Administration official commented: "Steel cannot afford that kind of an increase. If the industry does grant that much, it will have to raise prices, and the consumer will have to pay for it. That is what concerns us here." A strike in steel now, the official added, looks more likely than before because the industry is in no position to give the 31%-plus. The Administration currently thinks that manufacturers ought to get tougher and take a strike in hopes of lessening the final terms of the steel settlement. Otherwise the industry will become even less competitive in world markets.

Hard Third Quarter. Data Resources, Inc., a top economic consulting firm headed by Otto Eckstein, calculates that if a steel strike of eight weeks or more hits the U.S., there will be no real growth at all in the economy during the year's third quarter. Even without a strike, steel production is expected to dip by 20% below its present level in August and September. Customers have been stockpiling as a hedge against a strike. They have laid in enough extra supply that their buying surge is now waning. Last week U.S. Steel and Bethlehem announced that they were cutting production and would begin to lay off workers. Since steel's labor bill is certain to go up in spite of the slack demand and low profits, steelmen will raise their prices again in the fall. If so, they will make the increases gradually, one product at a time, in order to avoid vexing the White House.

Up There at 1,300 m.p.h.

At first, the Soviets grabbed the headlines with a dazzling array of new aircraft, especially the TU-144 supersonic jetliner. But when the Paris Air Show got into full swing last week, the French crowds were flocking to see a competing SST, the Anglo-French Concorde. If the Western European jet makes its commercial debut in 1974 or 1975, it will be the first supersonic liner in regular service. TIME's Paris bureau chief, William Rademaekers, went to Le Bourget Airport to look at the Concorde, and was invited to become one of the first journalists to ride in it. His test-flight report:

THE Concorde engines whined to life in familiar high-pitched fashion, and the plane rolled slowly toward the end of the runway. I was twelve minutes away from personally breaking the sound barrier. Unlike the Boeing 707 and 747, which lumber into slowly gathering momentum, the Concorde has a sprinter's start. I was pushed gently but firmly into my backrest. From the rear of the plane I could see the nose leave the ground, tilting upward and upward until the fuselage looked like a tipping tunnel of love. From the inside, the noise was no louder than that of a normal jet. We were off the ground in seconds and climbing at a sharp angle.

Within twelve minutes we were over the outskirts of Le Havre. It was 9 a.m. when we broke the sound barrier—Mach 1. Up there it comes with a whimper, not a bang. I had to be told that we had passed Mach 1 cruising at 30,000 feet; we felt only a slight whisper of movement, hardly a shudder, as the plane continued to climb.

At 9:15 a.m. we were at Mach 1.9 and still picking up speed; 9:16 and ten seconds... 20... 25. The pilot raised his thumb in a gesture of triumph. A few seconds later we were flying at twice the speed of sound—which, at our altitude of 50,000 ft., came to nearly 1,300 miles an hour. At this height, I leaned over and looked at a sky I had never seen, and may never see again. Cobalt blue at

the edge of my sight, deepening and darkening as my eyes slid upward. No clouds here, no mist or haze. Cruising at Mach 2, ten miles above the earth, the plane probably has less vibration than a normal jet and the same interior noise level. The Concorde is narrow and somewhat claustrophobic, which may make it uncomfortable for some. But for me that feeling paled before the mind-boggling way in which it shrank the world.

Forty-two minutes and 630 miles out of Paris, the Concorde tilted in a graceful left turn toward home. If we had continued on course directly west, we would have been in New York in less than two hours.

The pilot dropped back into subsonic flight. Again, no jolts or jars. The Concorde came home as smoothly as it went out, with its crazy tilt on touchdown; the rear wheels banged onto the runway, and the nose followed seconds later. We had been in the air for one hour and 39 minutes; we had covered 1,425 miles.

The experience of flying at literally twice the speed of sound was more dramatic in what did not happen than in what did. My neck did not snap on takeoff, nor did I require a straitjacket to remain in my seat. The plane did not jerk its way up in roller-coaster fashion or plunge straight to the earth for landing. I had a feeling of rather unsettling normalcy.

I asked myself: As a paying passenger, would I want to fly in an SST, even at the expected premium price of 30% above regular economy class? The answer was yes. It was not a quick or easy yes, nor would it apply on the routes I fly most often, such as the North Atlantic. But given the opportunity to avoid a 14-hour flight to Asia, I would bend strongly in the direction of the SST. "This is a normal plane that will get you there in half the time," a French aerospace official said. Why should we want that even if it is a normal plane? That is a hard question to answer. I flew supersonically this week, and it seemed very much like getting to Everest in an armchair.

RADEMAEKERS BOARDING CONCORDE AT LE BOURGET





CYCLISTS IN PLAYA DEL REY, CALIF.

INDUSTRY

They Like Bikes

If the fears of some nervous retailers prove valid, there will be many a disappointed child this Christmas. The nation faces a serious bicycle shortage.

Schwinn Bicycle Co., one of the biggest wheels in the \$400 million-a-year industry, had booked orders for its entire 1971 production by last month. Other major U.S. manufacturers—Murray Ohio, Huffman and AMF—are also having trouble keeping pace with runaway demand. Sales in many bicycle shops are racing 200% ahead of last year's level, and delivery dates for new merchandise are uncertain. Complains Gano Thomas of San Francisco's Nomad Cyclery: "The factories aren't making bicycles fast enough. If we order 100 bikes, we're lucky to get 25." Adds Henry Devilmorin, a Los Angeles two-wheeler dealer: "I can sell every bike I can get my hands on."

Cyclical Demand. The shortage results from the bicycle's biggest wave of popularity in its 154-year history. Environmentalists are turning to the bike as a pollution solution; physical-fitness fans like the bike as a heart preserver. Groups of workers in some traffic-choked cities have been staging rush-hour races among car, bus and bicycle, with the bike usually triumphant.

In recent years the bike business has been, to say the least, cyclical. Demand rose to new heights in the mid-1960s with the introduction of high-risers—those small-wheeled children's bikes with elongated "banana" seats, tall "ape-hanger" handlebars, and moderate \$30-\$50 price tags. Then an adult bike boom ballooned, and demand shifted to lightweight ten-speed racers that start at around \$85 and range upward into used-car prices: \$475 or more. Bicycle-company spokesmen say that this year, for the first time since the 1890s, nearly one-half of all bicycle production is geared for adults. Caught in the intergenerational crossfire, manufacturers turned out 6,000,000 bikes in 1968, then cut production to 5,000,000 in 1970. For 1971, bikemen are boasting of coasting to 7,500,000 sales.



KATHARINE HEPBURN PEDALING
Adult volunteers for the chain gang.

Foreign producers are also unprepared for the demand. Major foreign bicycle names—notably England's Raleigh, France's Peugeot and Japan's diplomatically named American Eagle—account for one-third of the bikes sold in the U.S. Under pressure from Washington, American Eagle has been setting limits to its annual sales increases. Both the domestic and foreign companies are also struggling with a worldwide shortage of parts. Most bike hand brakes and gears are produced overseas, and until the manufacturers catch up with back orders there will be a brake on further expansion. Schwinn, for example, has to air-freight brake parts from Switzerland to keep its production schedule from being thrown out of gear.

No Pollution. Despite such short-term obstacles, however, the future looks bright for the bike. Just as highway building spurred the auto industry, construction of bikeways is expected to boost cycling. Already some 15,000 miles of bike paths are in use, including the 332-mile Wisconsin bikeway that stretches from the state's eastern edge at Lake Michigan across to the Mississippi River. San Francisco has opened the Golden Gate Bridge to cyclists. In

campus towns like Champaign and Urbana, Ill., and Davis, Calif., where there are nearly as many bikes as people, there are separate bicycle lanes on city streets. City officials in Washington, D.C., are considering a proposal for a commuter system of bicycle routes radiating like spokes from the Mall to the suburbs. As concern over the environment rises, more Americans are expected to join the mobile chain gang. Says Norman A. Clarke, chairman of the 95-year-old Columbia Manufacturing Co.: "The bike is the only known form of transportation that doesn't pollute—including the horse."

ADVERTISING Promoting Self-Policing

Surveys show that there is a growing skepticism on the part of the public about all advertising. This comes from fraud and deception, overexaggeration, puffery and insinuation. We think it's time to improve the climate in which advertising works.

—Victor Elting, Chairman, National Advertising Advisory Committee

Advertisers have been engaged in a business in which there has been virtually no regulation. For the 50 years of the Federal Trade Commission's existence, they've had a free ride. We intend to change that.

—Robert Pitofsky, Chief, FTC
Bureau of Consumer Protection

If nothing else, admen and their increasingly vocal critics agree on one thing: the need to upgrade the methods of mass persuasion that sell the nation's products. Powerful critics in and out of Government are bent on forcing tough reforms. The Federal Trade Commission in particular has been working inventively to root out deceptive ads. In a variety of actions it has challenged some advertising of giant companies including Coca-Cola, ITT, Continental Baking, Standard Oil of California, Du Pont, Mattel and MacDonald's hamburger chain. In response, ad agencies and their clients are now taking their most serious step yet toward self-regulation.

The instrument for change will be the National Advertising Review Board, which is being formed by the major advertising trade associations in cooperation with the Council of Better Business Bureaus. The review board, expected to be operating by fall, will consist of 50 members representing advertising agencies, industry and the public. B.B.B. offices around the country will accept complaints about national print or broadcast ads, and a Manhattan-based staff of ad specialists will monitor promotions. If an advertiser ignores the complaints, the matter will go to the review board, which will then 1) determine whether the complaint is justified, and, if so, 2) try to persuade the advertiser to correct or drop the

offensive ad. Failing this, the board will publish its findings and turn the complaint over to the FTC or some other federal regulatory agency, the FDA, perhaps, or the Justice Department. Victor Elting, chairman of the National Advertising Advisory Committee—a group of top agency people and their clients, who are setting up the program—thinks that the review board will be able to move swiftly against misleading ads. Initially, the program will concern itself with distortions of fact. "But ultimately," says Elting, "it will move into broader areas, possibly involving taste."

Facts and Fear. The board should also provide much needed guidance for advertising men who have become increasingly fearful and uncertain under the onslaught of criticism. In a much publicized account switch six months ago, Wells Rich Greene won Alka-Seltzer's billings away from Doyle Dane Bernbach. The new campaign has yet to appear, partly because of time spent trying to anticipate the Government's reaction. "All agencies are weighing their product claims a lot more carefully today," says Adman Victor Bloede, chairman of Benton & Bowles.

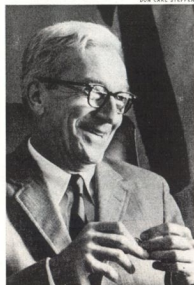
For all its strengths, the self-polishing program has some serious shortcomings. Though advertisers seem willing to finance the board at present (they have already contributed the \$1.5 million needed to start the project), there is some question whether business will continue to fund a program that could hobble its promotion schemes. The board's close association with the moribund Better Business Bureaus is another drawback. Still, most admen genuinely want the review board to succeed; it could be a chance to avert stringent Government supervision.

Less Permissiveness. The new board is not likely to appease advertising's critics immediately. But FTC officials say they have no intention of curtailing their own assault on misleading promotions. That drive is being led by Miles W. Kirkpatrick, a lawyer whom President Nixon picked as FTC chairman, and Robert Pitofsky, a former New York University law professor, who in November was selected by Kirkpatrick to be chief of the commission's Bureau of Consumer Protection. Under them, the climate of permissiveness in which advertising once operated has evaporated. Regulations against deceptive claims are no longer solely enforced by cease-and-desist orders, which amounted to little more than a slap on the wrist. The FTC has developed a tough new principle of "corrective advertising." This requires that instead of merely discontinuing a deceptive promotion, the advertiser must also run a series of ads admitting the deceptions.

In the past year, the FTC has issued almost a dozen "proposed orders" calling for corrective advertising. Most of the advertisers involved in these cases are discussing them privately with commission lawyers. So far no company has ac-

tually been forced to admit deceptions, and because of the legal resources open to advertisers, the proposed orders probably will not be enforceable for some time. Meanwhile, commission officials hope that the publicity generated by these orders will deter further excesses.

The biggest jolt yet for advertisers was the FTC's recent complaint against Continental Baking Co.'s Wonder Bread ads. The commission's position: by emphasizing Wonder Bread's nutritive values, the company was implying its product was unique, although most enriched loaves have the same nutritive value. That notion has broad implications. If applied to other products, it could markedly diminish the hyperbole used to sell a wide range of nondistinctive products like aspirin and liquid chlorine bleach. Because sales of so many items



FTC CHAIRMAN KIRKPATRICK
Assault on hyperbole.

that cram store shelves depend on spurious claims of uniqueness, some products might have to be withdrawn. Argues Pitofsky: "If the product has nothing going for it but its advertising, if it is just a figment of its advertising manager's imagination, I see no reason for its continued existence."

Many admen predict disaster if the FTC's proposed restrictions are not handled with care. Writing in *Advertising Age*, Alan H. Meyer, associate creative director of Lennen & Newell's Dallas division, offers these extreme but fetching examples of ads trying to comply with the commission's wishes:

"Only Fina Gasoline in all the world is spelled F-I-N-A."

"Only Bayer Aspirin comes in the Bayer Aspirin package."

"Mrs. Baird's Bread is baked fresh, almost every day."

"The money you borrow from First National Bank is made by the United States Government, for the most part."

REAL ESTATE Penn Central Sells Off

One year after the Penn Central Transportation Co. wheezed into bankruptcy, its court-appointed trustees have put up for sale its blue-ribbon real estate holdings along a ten-block stretch of Madison, Vanderbilt, Park and Lexington avenues in midtown Manhattan. Up for bids is the land under 22 buildings, including the Waldorf-Astoria, the Pan Am Building and the corporate headquarters of ITT, Union Carbide, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., Bankers Trust Co. and the Chemical Bank. These companies have leased the buildings, in some cases well into the 21st century, but eventually the buyers of the land will get control of the buildings too.

Richest Deal. On paper, the offering had the potential of becoming the richest real estate deal since Railroad President James Gadsden bought part of Arizona and New Mexico from Mexico's President Santa Anna. Penn Central spokesmen suggested that they might collect as much as \$1.2 billion, but others were doubtful. Says one top Manhattan developer: "Some of the parcels are good income producers and should be snapped up by institutional investors. Others have value only to those who are prepared to spend millions to buy out existing leases and construct new buildings."

Beyond that looms the question of what the Penn Central can do with any money that it collects. The properties are burdened with mortgages totaling \$435 million. Not only the mortgage lenders but also the Penn Central's other creditors will clamor for repayment, and the tangles are sure to keep platoons of lawyers well fed for years.

Not the least puzzling aspect of the deal was its very abruptness. As recently as last March, the Penn Central trustees told the U.S. Department of Transportation that the bankrupt company would benefit more from the \$21.3 million in annual rental income that the parcels produce than from selling the land. Only two weeks ago, in the course of announcing the transfer of a subsidiary named Pennco to a consortium of 53 banks in return for cancellation of a \$300 million debt, the trustees reaffirmed their opposition to the sale of the Manhattan properties.

More Aid. The Penn Central, however, has been under pressure from Congress to divest itself of its nontransportation assets. In fact, divestiture was a condition that the Government attached to a promise to guarantee \$125 million in loans last winter. Now it seems that unless higher freight rates and more stringent work rules are approved this summer by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the company will need more such aid to continue operating. Congress might not grant the aid if the company still clings to its fancy real estate in midtown Manhattan.

The 3-D stripe.

**Manhattan®
does it in Dacron® so
you'll look morning-
fresh all day!**

Bold, raised stripes embroidered on light, luxurious broadcloth of 80% Dacron® polyester, 20% cotton. Durable press, of course. Ask for a Manhattan® Custom Limited® shirt with "Dacron", Du Pont's polyester.

® Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Tie of Quiana® nylon.



KAROLL'S

STATE & WASHINGTON

63rd and KEDZIE

HILLSIDE GOLF MILL DIXIE SQUARE YORKTOWN

In Champaign, 16-18 MAIN STREET
COUNTRY FAIR SHOPPING CENTER

Colored grounds in red (above) or lemon. Also available with white grounds in red, yellow, blue or brown stripes. Sizes 14½ to 17. **\$8**

KAROLL'S, 36 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60602

Quan.	Size	Color	Price	TOTAL
			\$8	
			\$8	

☐ CHARGE ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

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*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*



BOUQUET (RIGHT) & HOOD IN "THE COP"

CINEMA

Cops and Robbers

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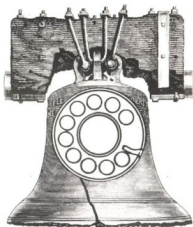
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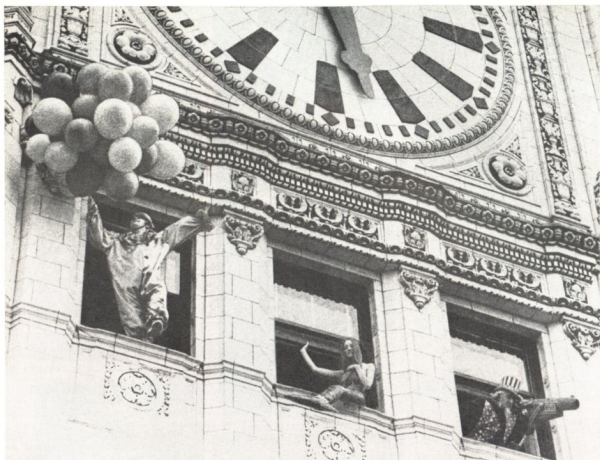
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—Barry Commoner *TIME*, February 19, 1979

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and some picture books about a lady named Wonder Woman who lives in a city called Metropolis that is all shiny and white and where people can fly. He asked the magician about it.

"The city's far, far away, over the mountains," the magician told him. "I was 15 when it was totaled. They were droppin' dead in the streets for years."

"Take me to the city," Glen said. But the magician had other business, so just like Prince Valiant on a quest for the Holy Grail, Glen set out for the city.

The record of the journey is *Glen and Randa*, a primitive, desperate odyssey by the last bewildered survivors of an atomic holocaust, stumbling through the wreckage of a vanished civilization. Neither moralizing sci-fi nor melodrama, despite its fanciful premise, the film is rather like a *cinéma vérité* doomsday documentary—a parable in newsreel form.

Using a rigorously unadorned style, Director Jim McBride, who was also co-author of *Glen and Randa*'s script, conveys a sense of primitive desolation, transforming contemporary landscapes into primeval heaths. Although the film is unsparing in its apocalyptic vision, its dour brutality is frequently alleviated by a cool eye for satire. There is, for instance, a fine and funny sequence in which Glen decides to be (as he puts it) "see-villized" and sits down like a good suburban husband with his pipe and newspaper in front of a gutted television set.

It is easy enough to quarrel with McBride's resolutely gloomy portrait of the future. But there is no disputing his distinctive cinematic flair or the definitive excellence of his relatively unknown actors—Steven Curry as Glen, Shelley Plimpton as Randa, and Garry Goodrow as the manic magician, McBride, 29, made *Glen and Randa* on a slender \$480,000 budget, without help or hindrance from the major studios. Austerity and autonomy, combined with genuine talent, have produced one of the best and most original American films of the year.

—Jay Coels

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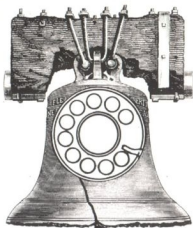
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BOOKS

"Ha-h'm"

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HORATIO HORNBLOWER by C. Northcote Parkinson. 304 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

Unlike their more evanescent brothers of the flesh, the great figures of fiction are not covered by the laws of libel. Did not Sherlock Holmes admirers helplessly endure odious allegations asserting that Dr. Watson was a woman? Accordingly, anyone fond of Midshipman, Lieutenant, Captain, Commodore or Admiral Horatio Hornblower naturally approaches this new biography with suspicion. Will Britain's second greatest seaman, one wonders, be spuriously presented, for example, as a Hermaphrodite Brig? Or Nelson's long-lost younger brother?

The heartening answer is neither.

For C. Northcote Parkinson, though known for his prankish wit, was a naval historian before he began his researches into the modern disease that may properly be called "administrationitis." His fully fabricated account of Hornblower's career, from an impetuous boyhood in Kent to a peaceful death at 80 in 1857—which came, appropriately, while the by then viscount was reading Gibbon—is circumstantial to a fault. The book bristles with references to "new sources" of information, as well as a full quota of those "we can fairly assume" peculiar to Victorian biography. It comes fully provided, too, with an index, footnotes, useful explanatory charts of naval engagements, appendices, tables of consanguinity, illustration showing various Hornblower residences and a bibliography of books on Sir Horatio, all, as it happens, written by an author named C.S. Forester. Parkinson even reproduces a marriage notice from the Naval Gazette.

This marshaling of material lends authority to the biography on mere speculations when, with exquisite tact, the author mildly reproaches Hornblower for infidelities to his wife, Lady Barbara (sister of the Duke of Wellington), or speculates that she, too, may have enjoyed a brief liaison with Baron von Neffzer in Vienna in 1815—when Hornblower and

the Vicomtesse de Graçay were temporarily holding Bonaparte's regulars at bay along the Loire. A similar tact touches Professor Parkinson's handling of the then Lieutenant Hornblower's heretofore unsuspected murder of Captain David Sawyer (H.M.S. *Renown*, 74 guns) on the West Indies station in 1800.* A pedant or a gross popularizer would have made much of the incident, but Parkinson, clearly not wanting to perplex inattentive readers, presents it in Appendix 2, reproducing a letter from Hornblower to his descendants that was not made public until 1968.

If Professor Parkinson's painstaking work has a weakness, it lies in its treatment of all those already well-known,



CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER "PORTRAIT"
And Lady Barbara in the orlop.

off-retold Hornblower adventures—in quarterdeck and boudoir—that did so much to confound Great Britain's enemies in the Napoleonic Wars. It was Horatio Hornblower's peculiar character to combine brilliant seamanship and a calculating mind with such inner ravages of self-doubt that though he never lost a battle—or very rarely so—it always seemed he was about to. From a score of perilous voyages one may perhaps recall the long patrol to Latin America of the frigate *Lydia* (36 guns), which forced Hornblower to confront

* Naval scholars may remember that Sawyer, a sadist who mistreated his crew, mysteriously fell into a hatch, doing himself permanent injury, and soon thereafter was killed by a mob of Spanish prisoners who temporarily took over the *Renown*. It now appears that Hornblower both pushed Sawyer down the hatch and later cut his throat during the melee with the Spanish. It was all done, however, for the good of the ship and the British navy.

the 50-gun *Natividad* not once but twice. The second time, with much of his crew killed or wounded and Lady Barbara inadvertently cowering in the orlop, Hornblower actually sank the larger vessel, an unheard of exploit that has since become the most famous single ship-to-ship action in British history.

Perhaps out of deference to his lofty subject, in the retelling of this familiar feat, and all the others, which necessarily make up a large portion of his story, Parkinson customarily confines himself to a somewhat plodding, précis narrative. As a result, his biography may be mainly read by Hornblower scholars who wish, as it were, to set their very stuns' in pursuit of their elusive literary quarry. As for the rest of us, one is put in mind of the French Gourmet Brillat-Savarin, who was once offered grapes for dinner. "Non, merci" he briskly replied, "je ne prends pas mon vin en pilules."*

■ Timothy Faote

Drinker of Words

POEMS AND PROBLEMS by Vladimir Nabokov. 218 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$7.95.

The air is refreshing, humid and sweet,
How good the caprifoli smells!

—Vladimir Nabokov

Caprifoli is a lovely word. If anything it is a shade too lovely, something to be tasted, rolled over the tongue, chewed lightly, savored and then, perhaps, not swallowed but spit discreetly into a tub of clean shavings. But what does it mean? The first dictionary to come to hand, an old Webster's, does not list caprifoli at all. The unabridged Random House mentions only "caprifoliaceous: belonging to the *Caprifoliaceae*, a family of plants including the honeysuckle, elder, viburnum, snowberry, etc."

Well, no great mystery; the caprifoli stanza contains botanically: "Downward a leaf inclines its tip/and drops from its tip a pearl." It is clear that Nabokov is describing a rain-wet shrub, but has his own good reasons for leaving indefinite precisely which shrub. It is as if he had written of a cavalierman saddling his ungulate (horse? cow? moose?) and riding away.

What is curious, though, is that this bit of verse is a translation from the Russian, and the Russian poet—Nabokov himself—did not use an obscure Russian equivalent of caprifoli. He used a perfectly ordinary word, *zheemolost*, which means honeysuckle.

Elaborate Paperchase. The depths of poetry must be respected, but as Nabokov sternly pointed out in the preface to his Englishing of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, the shallows of translation must be examined with skepticism. This book amply justifies such skepticism. It consists of 39 of Nabokov's Russian

* "I don't take my wine in pill form."



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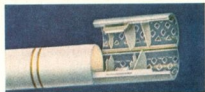


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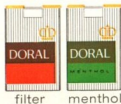
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poems with his own English translations, 14 poems written in English, and a sly and self-parodying inclusion—18 chess problems.

Characteristically, the new volume is an elaborate paperchase. Within it, the actual chess puzzles, witty and elegant, throw an intentionally false scent. Nabokov nudges the reader shamelessly with a list of virtues that characterize chess problems "and all worthwhile art: originality, invention, conciseness, harmony, complexity, and splendid insincerity." Clearly the reader is supposed to pursue these clues and come to the conclusion that Nabokov approaches art as a sterile, chesslike intricacy. It is, however, a good general rule (discernible in the only good novel ever written about chess, Nabokov's *The Defense*), that chess has no relation to anything else. That is its charm.

Mars Bars. The capricious translations are better clues to Nabokov's whereabouts. As a poet he is a master, divisively, sometimes awkwardly stretched between two land-mass languages. There are times when he appears as a provincial linguistic pedant. At other times he is an overrefined rhymester who thinks it snazzy to pretend that "pre-aural" is the best English version of a straightforward Russian word meaning "daybreak." Nabokov seems to know and obstinately use all the English words that ever existed, but does he really not see that "stirless" (as in "Stirless, I stand there at the window") is an unsuccessful coinage, or that "mellow moon" sounds like an ad for Mars Bars?

One result is that for those few who can read them, the original poems in Russian are generally good, sometimes remarkable, while the translations are generally flawed. An exception is *La Bonne Lorraine*, whose language (ex-

pressing a surprising passion for Joan of Arc) is powerful and clear:

*The English burned her, burned my girl,
burned her in Rouen's market square.
The deathman sold me a black coat
of mail,
a beaked helmet and a dead
spear . . .*

A few of the English poems are splendid, of the high quality of the long poem in *Pale Fire*. *An Evening of Russian Poetry* begins with light brilliance as the poet lectures:

*The subject chosen for tonight's
discussion
is everywhere, though often
incomplete:
when their basaltic banks become too
steep,
most rivers use a kind of
rapid Russian,
and so do children talking in
their sleep.*

At the evening's end the exiled lecturer, having wittily betrayed his native tongue to amuse a women's club, remembers his loneliness and stumbles into desolation.

Nabokov is an expert poet (although he is capable of rhyming "alliterations" with "patience"), a fertile chessmaster and a pleasing and self-pleased illusionist. But primarily he is a prodigious drinker of language who does not always hold his words well. Of his abilities as a translator, he is his own judge:

*What is translation? On a platter
A poet's pale and glaring head,
A parrot's screech, a monkey's
chatter,
And profanation of the dead.*

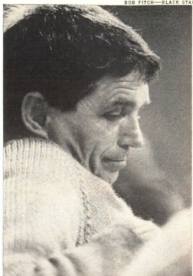
■ John Skow

Minotaur or Man?

THE DARK NIGHT OF RESISTANCE by Daniel Berrigan. 181 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

For four months Father Daniel Berrigan, convicted of burning draft files at Catonsville, Md., was that melodramatic figure, a fugitive from justice. Before his capture by FBI agents posing as bird watchers on Block Island, R.I., that rainy morning of Aug. 11, 1970, Berrigan had traveled through his own bold underground. He gave out secret interviews to press and television, held discussion meetings within the movement, and wrote, wrote, wrote. It is safe to say that no fugitive in FBI history has written so much so fast.

The Dark Night of Resistance puts it all together. Tapped out on 18 different typewriters, the manuscript comprises, in Berrigan's own phrase, "notes quite literally on the run." Included are scraps of poetry and prose; imaginary dialogues between Disciple and Master, reading notes on Eldridge Cleaver, a commentary on Buddha, a critique on



FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN

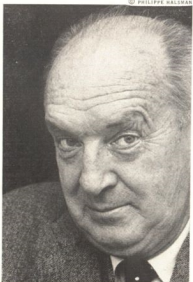
What are we to do with our lives?

Norman Mailer and James Dickey playing muse to the moon shot (or, as Berrigan puts it, "Court Historian"), and a brief, witty dictionary of definitions. The result is an uneven book, often written from the bottom of the heart but sometimes off the top of the head.

Striking a parallel to John of the Cross (author of *The Dark Night of the Soul*), Berrigan assigns himself the literary priest's ancient task: accounting for "one man's spiritual journey." It is a very special journey, however. He is performing his walk, he suggests, as a "high-wire act" stretched between contemporary politics and Catholic tradition, explaining his actions to God, the Church and himself.

National Illness. When Berrigan is talking politics, he often sounds commonplace. In a significant concession—and a dangerous one for a poet—he writes: "The gesture that counts, today, is not the word at all." Even other protesters, he admits, "all look alike to me; they all say the same thing." He makes little apparent effort to speak differently himself as he turns on the old rhetoric of the New Left. "The conflagration is rising"—as ever. It is "a time to tear and pull down," a time to "resign from America in order to join the heart of man." Like a prayer wheel, he grinds on mechanically about "national illness . . . madness . . . the latest American idiom."

Berrigan's political models are no more defined than slapped-up posters of Che and Ho. His political villains are opposite-and-equal clichés, crude, hasty caricatures of a "Brooks-suited investor" whose "manicured fingers" are "infinitely removed from the bloodletting." When it comes to the America he wants, Berrigan slides into a vision of "Paradise Park"—a utopia straight out of the pixiest moments of *The Greening of America*: "Let the people enter, grow, run, fly, perambulate, con-



VLADIMIR NABOKOV
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sume, pull corks from, spread jams and peanut butter on, swim and sun in, et cetera, as the day is long . . ."

Yet the mysticism that weakens Berrigan as a political thinker is his strength as a religious thinker—and the strength of the book. When he cries, "In spite of all, what are we to do with our lives?", the man who bears witness and the man who writes at last have their agonized union. Speaking of the Christian "tradition"—a word that appears as regularly in the book as "freedom"—Berrigan confesses he is "unrecognizable to myself apart from it." The reader will agree. All the slipshod writing and hyperbolic thinking disappear when he concludes simply: "We are trying to get reborn."

The sorrow is unmistakable in Berrigan's acknowledgment of his loneliness, and of his church's disapproval. "Did we once think we would count for something; or that, suffering repression, the threat or actuality of personal harm, we would win the attention of our fellow Christians, of our fellow priests?"

The ragings of political controversy keep Berrigan from being recognized for what he is. Beyond partisanship, he is a man of God risking all to grasp what that means in the secular '70s, stretching to make a perilous connection between faith and works. In religion as in politics, Berrigan is a test-case priest. The outcome of his gambles may affect the future of religious radicalism more than the future of political radicalism.

"It is a great and good thing, *dignum et iustum*," he writes at his most aware, "when one's life is so impregnated with the values of a tradition, his life so colored, so impelled, so led as to be able to wrestle with the demons of his own (and others') lifetime. We shall see who emerges from the labyrinth: the minotaur or the man."

■ Melvin Maddocks

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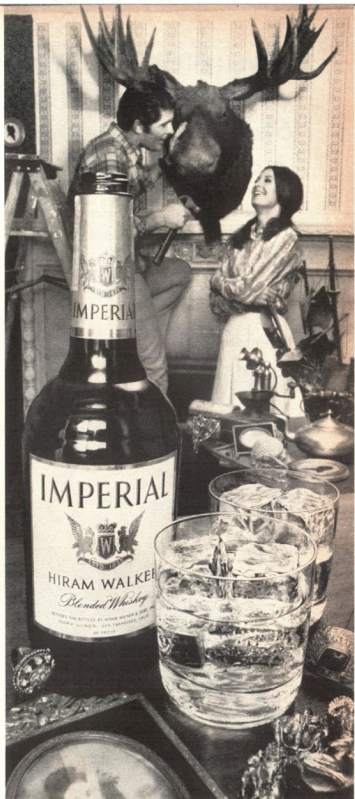
FICTION

1. QB VII, Uris (2 last week)
2. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (1)
3. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (3)
4. The Exorcist, Blatty
5. The Underground Man, MacDonald (4)
6. The Bell Jar, Plath (5)
7. Tarantula, Dylan
8. The Other, Tryon
9. Summer of '42, Raucher (8)
10. The Throne of Saturn, Drury (7)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (2)
2. The Sensuous Man, "M" (1)
3. The Greening of America, Reich (3)
4. Future Shock, Toffler (6)
5. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (7)
6. The Female Eunuch, Greer (5)
7. Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (4)
8. The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages, Morison (9)
9. Myself Among Others, Gordin (10)
10. The Grantees, Birmingham (8)

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